

LUCY

Hello. I'm Lucy Robinson.

END TWO

HELLO AGAIN

by Susan Isaacs

Well, good evening to you, big boy.

END TWO

Revised February 10, 1987

The screen is white except in the center where WE SEE LUCY ROBBINS' bright eyes. Then the lips that go with those eyes FADE IN and curve into an engaging smile.

LUCY
Hello. I'm Lucy Robbins.

A hand comes up and applies lipstick to the mouth. The mouth attempts a less eager smile.

Lucy Robbins. (BEAT) And you?

This stab at sophistication does not quite come off.

SCREEN COMES ALIVE TO REVEAL LUCY ROBBINS' face and

1. INT. - LUCY ROBBINS' DRESSING ALCOVE - TWILIGHT

BEGIN MAIN TITLES.

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Lucy is at her vanity in the rather old-fashioned room. Outside, the trees on the Robbinses' acre of Long Island are in bloom. Lucy puts on personalities while she puts on makeup, but she's too humorous and vulnerable to be anyone but herself. Still, she gives it one more try, pulling at her camisole to expose a little cleavage, half-closing her eyes like a 1950's sex kitten.

Well, good evening to you, big boy.

Lucy coyly runs her tongue over her lips. That second, JASON ROBBINS, Lucy's husband, enters. Jason is a plastic surgeon. He's intelligent, trim in his well-cut tuxedo and, despite his professorial horn-rimmed glasses, so good-looking a patient might wonder: did he or didn't he?

Lucy jumps; she's spotted Jason. In an instant, she's herself again. She grabs a large makeup brush, swishes it around a small compact and whisks the makeup over her cheek. Unfortunately, it's not the blusher she'd anticipated. It's green eye shadow.

CUT TO:

2. INT. - ROBBINS' BEDROOM - TWILIGHT

The Robbins' bedroom is warm and inviting, all done up in yellow flowered chintz, with a welcoming armchair and a large antique armoire. The bed is strewn with a dozen ruffled and embroidered pillows and the walls are almost hidden by framed family snapshots. *

Lucy is nearly ready. Whatever ball she is going to, she deserves to be the belle. She's radiant in a soft silk blouse and floor-length evening skirt. She recruits Jason to fasten her locket. The scene is one of tranquil domesticity until

(CONTINUED)

FLIPPY bounds in. Flippy, a dog who resembles a large, happy mop, leaps up to give Lucy a drippy kiss. Trying to avoid the dog's slurp, Lucy manages to knock over a basket of magazines -- which knocks over a floor lamp -- which Jason manages to * grab just in time.

CUT TO:

3. INT. - ROBBINS' KITCHEN - TWILIGHT

The kitchen is clearly the heart of the Robbins house; it's a big, inviting room, with wood cabinets, plants, and a window sill covered with bright Mexican terra cotta pots filled with herbs. Lucy's collection of framed California fruit crate labels covers the walls.

As Lucy and Jason -- with Flippy trotting along -- cut through the kitchen to get to the garage, WE SEE their son, DANNY, an adorable galoot of eighteen. He looks like a typical high school senior in cut off jeans, a too-small Shorehaven Vikings t-shirt and bare feet, except that he's whipping egg whites and sugar with a giant balloon whisk in a copper bowl.

As his mother rushes by, Danny raises his hand: slow down. She does, and thus avoids a collision with the kitchen table. She glances at the sink, at the mess Danny's made, grabs a sponge, hands it to him -- and gives him a fast goodbye kiss on the cheek.

CUT TO:

4. EXT. - ROBBINS' HOUSE - TWILIGHT

The Robbins' BMW, with its MD license plates, backs up out of the garage. CAMERA MOVES BACK AND UP AND WE SEE the house. It's a graceful white colonial, with a velvet lawn in front, and a lovingly-tended backyard -- complete with flower, herb and vegetable gardens and a swimming pool.

CUT TO:

5. EXT. - SHOREHAVEN STREETS - TWILIGHT

The Robbins' car drives past the Tudors, ranches, Mediterranean mini-villas, and colonials. Kids play basketball in driveways, lawn sprinklers whirl and joggers trot by, occasionally waving to the Robbinses. The car passes the block-long main street of quaint stores.

POV Lucy. Just past the picturesque suburban railroad station on Main Street, there is a playground, empty now in the approaching darkness. CLOSE UP of Lucy. She smiles, obviously remembering the time she put in at the seesaw while Danny was growing up.

CUT TO:

6. EXT. - ROBBINS' CAR - TWILIGHT

The BMW whizzes past a sign: Long Island Expressway - To New York.

CUT TO:

7. EXT. - QUEENSBOROUGH BRIDGE - NIGHT

A LONG SHOT of the bridge spanning the East River, with Manhattan prominent in the background. Under FINAL TITLES, CAMERA MOVES DOWN AND IN to find the Robbins' BMW on the bridge heading toward the city. As the LAST TITLE fades, CAMERA moves to a MEDIUM-CLOSE SHOT of Lucy in the passenger seat.

Jason is trying to be reassuring, but he's too involved with that world on the other side of the bridge to focus on Lucy. He loves her in a comfortable, reflexive way, but since she is his wife of nineteen years, he's free to focus elsewhere.

JASON

Don't worry about the Holt's party. You'll be fine.

LUCY

I'll be right in my element. Doctors, movie producers, lawyers, art critics. And that's just the women. Oh Jason, you know how brilliant you are. Do you have to prove it to all those jazzy people?

JASON

I'm tired of doing dentists. If I'm named chief of plastic surgery at Knickerbocker, I'll be operating on the biggest names. I'll be right on top.

LUCY

But you're on top now. Look how many people give you their noses every year.

JASON

I need a challenge.

LUCY

What? A tummy tuck on Mt. Everest? Can't you just be happy being the best?

JASON

The best on Long Island? Lucy, I'm a much better surgeon than Bill Holt. All he has is that heiress wife of his and her social connections. But who does every celebrity want for a lift? Bill.

*

LUCY

Sure. Five minutes with him before surgery
and you can skip general anesthesia.

CUT TO:

8. EXT. - BEEKMAN PLACE - NIGHT

The DOORMEN wear white gloves. The pedestrians all wear
supercilious expressions as they glide by Lucy and Jason:
there's an exquisitely dressed COUPLE wheeling their haughty-
looking TODDLER in the Rolls Royce of strollers; magnificently
groomed JOGGERS; a suave MAN with a silver-handled walking
stick; a snooty WOMAN -- too chic to be a mere high-fashion
model -- walking two snippety WHIPPETS. *

LUCY

Can you see me living around here?
If they catch you smiling or doing
anything remotely human, the block
association will have you assassinated. *

CUT TO:

9. INT. - HOLTS' ENTRANCE GALLERY - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of the party's hostess, REGINA HOLT. Her bones jut
out over her cheek hollows. CAMERA PULLS BACK and WE SEE that
her rubies cover as much of her near-anorectic body as her
revealing ten thousand dollar dress. CAMERA PULLS BACK
FARTHER to reveal the Robbinses, along with about twenty-
five other GUESTS, being greeted in the formal entrance
gallery of the Holts' triplex. BILL HOLT, a sleek man in his
early fifties, stands beside his wife. Bill's expression
changes with each feature he contemplates: a perky nose
brings a smile of satisfaction, but a double chin -- potential
business -- makes him positively beam. *

JASON

Regina! *

REGINA

My favorite plastic surgeon -- after Bill
here, of course. You brave man, working
day and night to keep suburbia from sagging! *

Regina nods to Lucy for an instant, long enough to indicate
that all Lucy's preparations have been in vain. Then Regina
turns a glowing, welcoming smile to her next -- and far more
important -- guest.

CUT TO:

10. EXT. - HOLTS' TERRACE - NIGHT

WAITERS pass canapes as guests chat and check out the Holts' sparkling view of the East River and each others' evening clothes. Everyone seems to know everyone else. Lucy sticks close to Jason even though he's involved in yukky surgical talk with Bill Holt and another SURGEON.

JASON

The idiot cuts, sticks his hand in --

*

Anything even remotely subcutaneous makes Lucy queasy. She leaves Jason and wanders about the huge terrace with its lush potted trees and bubbling fountains, looking for a familiar face. Finally, she spots Regina in animated conversation with an equally soigne WOMAN.

LUCY

(to Regina)

What a beautiful party!

(to woman)

Hello. I'm Lu...

The woman offers Lucy a facial twist that barely passes for polite acknowledgment, but does not say a word. Regina hardly glances at her. And Lucy, comprehending the snub, backs off with a brave wave.

(out of earshot)

Nice chatting with you.

CUT TO:

11. INT. - HOLTS' LIBRARY - NIGHT

Here, too, the guests form tight groups. Lucy offers a couple of smiles, but the groups pull together even tighter at this assault. She forces herself to walk to the bookshelves; she pulls a leather-bound volume from a shelf and begins to read as though she'd been deprived of books for a decade. Suddenly, a shadow falls over the page.

LUCY

Uh, absolutely fascinating study of
(her eyes cross as she glances
at the book's spine)

Why bore you with a long Latin title?

She gets up her courage, and peers up.

Kim! It's so good to see
a real person.

*

KIM

What are you doing here?

LUCY

Um...slumming?

KIM LACEY is Lucy's age, but there the resemblance ends. Kim is breathtakingly groomed, utterly au courant and wildly sexy: an unmarried Manhattan woman. She immediately takes over, steering Lucy back toward the party through the antique-filled rooms of the Holts' apartment.

KIM

Isn't this absolutely sublime? *

LUCY

It beats a cesspool backup.

KIM

Lucy, this is a very important party. *
(BEAT) Oh, what do you care? You live in the suburbs. And you have a husband.

LUCY

You've had three. You want another one?
(BEAT) You do. Wow. I've only had one man in my whole life. Is being faithful tacky?

KIM

No. Boring.

CUT TO:

12. OMIT

13. EXT. - HOLT'S TERRACE - NIGHT

As Lucy and Kim move out to the terrace, Kim is occasionally greeted by other guests. Lucy, naturally, is as good as invisible.

LUCY

How come you're here?

KIM

I'm an editor of Elegance. I didn't need a decent-sounding job when I was married to Hastings. I was invited everywhere. Oh well, at least he didn't divorce me. Being a widow is a definite social asset.

LUCY

I'll mention it to Jason.

KIM

Hastings! He swore he'd tear up the pre-nuptial agreement, but he didn't! Then he died before he could buy the diamond earrings he promised me...important diamonds. And he cut me out of his will! I didn't get a cent! *

LUCY

Well, you didn't marry him for his money. *

KIM

Of course I did. What else do you get married for? Love? Love lasts six, eight months tops. Money is forever. *

LUCY

You've always had this warm, romantic view of men. *

KIM

(incredulous)

You've always trusted them! And you have seriously overdone the happy homemaker act. Knitting angora sweaters. Barbecues. And playing patty cake with those tykes as a volunteer. How do you think Jason feels when people ask him: "What does your wife do?" *

LUCY

Kim, Jason doesn't care. Look, you've known him as long as I have. He wants a wife, not some tycoonette who runs a chain of pantyhose boutiques.

KIM

The way he's pushing to be the new Chief of Plastic Surgery...Don't you see he's aiming for a major change in lifestyle? Don't you see that the little woman ought to jazz up her act? Hmmm, Lucy? *

CUT TO:

14. INT. - HOLTS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The guests are seated at a long table. The food is the newest rage: the cuisine of a previously obscure Asian country. A dapper BEARDED MAN sits at Lucy's right. A late-arriving guest plops into the empty chair at Lucy's left. He's a man about fifty, with a big, round, friendly face; he's dressed rather eccentrically in white tie. But from the respectful nods of the other guests, it's clear that his is the eccentricity of the rich. The man is HASTINGS LACEY, JR., Kim's former step-son. He smiles at Lucy and immediately begins loading up his plate. *

BEARDED MAN

(to Lucy)

Let me guess. You're obviously not fashion. Not p.r. Publishing? Hmmm? No? Art! Assistant curator of something charming.

LUCY

I was a teacher. K through 3. Now I
do volunteer work at a day care center.
But mainly I'm a housewife

The man's eyes begin to cloud. He dips a piece of meat into
one of twenty tiny bowls of sauce scattered about the table
while Lucy -- not noticing his utter uninterest -- opens up
her locket. CLOSE UP of Danny's baby picture.

and mother. My son's been accepted at
Columbia. But he wants to be a chef. He --

BEARDED MAN

Fascinating.

He immediately turns to the woman on his other side. Junior
Lacey turns to Lucy and gives her hand an encouraging pat. *

JUNIOR

Tell me about him. Did you teach him
to cook or --

But Junior is too much of a prize to let go; the bejeweled
WOMAN on his left grabs his sleeve.

WOMAN

My dear, I hear you've just given an indecent
contribution to the Manhattan Museum.

With her two dinner partners otherwise engaged, Lucy *
pretends to be intrigued with the discussion across the table.
She leans forward...and dunks her elbow into a bowl of bright
orange sweet and sour sauce. Undaunted -- well, semi-undaunted
-- by all eyes turning to her, she dips her napkin into her
glass of ice water. Her dip is too enthusiastic, however, and
the water, to say nothing of the ice cubes, spills into the
lap of her disdainful bearded dinner partner. Lucy wants to
make things better; she rushes to pick up the spilled ice --
when suddenly she realizes her hands are in the wrong lap.

CUT TO:

15. INT. - HOLTS' DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy stands on bottom of the small staircase leading into the
room where the guests are having after-dinner drinks. She
spots Jason just above and gives him a "let's go" signal. But
Jason doesn't see her; he's too involved with PHINEAS
McCORKLE, an elfin, elegant, elderly man who's demonstrating
how he'd like the wattles under his chin removed. From LUCY'S
POV, WE SEE AND HEAR the men talking.

PHINEAS

I don't expect to look fifty, but...

Jason spots Lucy, motions her to come up and calls out:

JASON

Lucy, this is Phineas McCorkle. Of McCorkle and McCorkle.

Lucy obviously has no idea who either McCorkle is. She takes the first step up. She does not notice that the hem of her long skirt has caught under the toe of her shoe.

LUCY

Of course. Hello.

She takes another step, and her other foot steps onto the skirt itself, which happens to have an elasticized waist; it begins to slide down. With her next step toward the men WE SEE the skirt sliding down past her hips.

JASON

And president of the board of

He sees Lucy in her now half-off skirt and whispers

Knickerbocker Hospital.

Lucy looks down. Too late. She's in the middle of the last step now, and a second later, the skirt is a puddle of black silk on the rug with Lucy in the middle, clad in a blouse -- and pantyhose.

CUT TO:

16. INT. - ZELDA'S HOME AND BOOK STORE - DAY

*

The shop in the East Village, tiny to begin with, is so crammed with occult books that there is barely room for oxygen. Up above, the balcony that is Zelda's living room and kitchenette runs along the far end of the shop; at the rear of the balcony there is a door that leads to the bedroom and bathroom.

*

Lucy takes a deep breath and walks sideways so she can get through the impossibly narrow aisle between the Occult Philosophy shelf and a mountain of books topped by a sign: Reincarnation (New and Used).

*

Lucy makes her way to the back where her sister, ZELDA ABRAMS, is seated at the rickety, book-strewn card table that is her desk. Zelda perpetually hovers on the brink of bizarre. Around her neck are a dozen amulets. When she moves, she clangs.

ZELDA

What's wrong? You look terrible.
Come on, you can't fool your own sister.

LUCY

I need to talk to you...about last night. I was not at my most graceful.

ZELDA

You're never at your most graceful.

LUCY

I know. (BEAT) Actually it's more than just last night. It's Jason. I think he wants more stimulation.

ZELDA

Give him a laxative.

Zelda slips off a medal and tries to hang it around Lucy's neck, but Lucy pulls back. Zelda then flutters her hands over Lucy's head.

(chanting)

Rise up, O sleeping power of the pure, living, breathing, healing spirit, and mend this riven soul.

(conversational)

You know what the problem is, don't you? Doctor Debonair's ambition. It's unnatural.

Zelda begins rummaging through some junk-filled cartons on the floor and retrieves what appears to be a dead branch from a sickly tree. She touches it to Lucy's head, then to her heart.

LUCY

Stop it! Come on, Zelda, you know I can't stand this.

Of course, this doesn't stop Zelda.

ZELDA

I invoke the master magicians: Zoroaster, Apollonius, Simon of the Temple, the great Trithemius. I invoke the keepers of the hearth...

Lucy grabs the stick from Zelda and puts it back in its carton.

LUCY

You know how I get when I'm nervous -- like the time I sat on Cousin Carol's cheesecake? Well, last night was the worst. And the awful thing is, Jason deserves respect, real recognition. He's a brilliant surgeon. So creative.

ZELDA

A tushie lift is creative?

LUCY

So it's not a sonnet. But he's a wonderful doctor...and husband. I wanted to help him.

ZELDA

You should never help a human being who earns his living by suctioning thigh fat.

CUT TO:

17. INT. - ROBBINS' KITCHEN - DAY

Danny is in the midst of preparing an elaborate vegetable pate. In doing so, he's left a mess of carrot peels, broccoli stems, turnip tops and tomato skins. Lucy, ready for her day in slacks and a cotton sweater, dampens a paper towel and makes a long sweep of the counter. *

LUCY

Danny, I'm really thrilled that you're catering our party tomorrow, but you've got to understand: Brillo is the final course. Cleaning up is not an unnatural act. *

She hands the towel to Danny, who reluctantly cleans up. She joins Jason -- ready for his consultation hours in a suit and tie -- at the breakfast table. As she pours coffee, Lucy gazes at her husband; something is on her mind. *

LUCY

Are you embarrassed I don't have a career?

JASON

I want you to do whatever makes you happy.

LUCY

But you know it would be easier when you introduce me if I could say, "Hi, I do microsurgery." Look at Kim. Wouldn't you like it if I were more like Kim?

JASON

I already made that choice, remember? -- when I was in medical school and you and Kim were kids, freshmen in college. *

LUCY

I couldn't believe you picked me. I still can't. I thought you were gone on her. She was so beautiful, dynamic, so ---

Flippy rests her face on Lucy's lap and stares up at her adoringly.

Good Flippy.

JASON

Kim's all flash. The only interest she has in men is in what she can get from them. It was true then and it's truer now. I remember looking at her and then looking at you and thinking, Here's a girl I can take my shoes off with.

Flippy's love is not completely selfless. She clearly expects Lucy or Jason to offer her a complete breakfast, but settles for a small piece of toast Lucy lets slip onto the floor. Lucy then looks at Danny. Although he's created another wondrous mess on the kitchen counter, the pate in its Pyrex loaf pan is most impressive. *

LUCY

Danny, it looks great!

JASON

There's no reason why you can't cook and go to Columbia.

DANNY

Dad, for the millionth time, this is the only thing I want to do. It's my calling. Like you're a surgeon and Mom's (BEAT) a mom.

CUT TO:

18. EXT. - "HAPPY DAYS" DAY CARE CENTER PLAYGROUND - DAY

A "Happy Days" sign with its cartoon characters hangs over the entrance to the playground. Lucy is helping a TEACHER gather together a group of THREE-YEAR-OLDS and their equipment. A LITTLE BOY with a terribly serious demeanor -- like a toddler-sized investment banker -- clings to Lucy's leg.

LUCY

Ready?

(leading children in song)

"No more work and no more play/
Time to put our toys away."

With the boy still clinging, Lucy edges over to the portable trampoline. With great subtlety and gentleness, she pries the boy loose and gets him to help her carry the trampoline. A moment later she calls ANOTHER BOY and places her end of the trampoline in his hands. The first little boy eyes her nervously, but Lucy gives him a reassuring glance and, at last, the two boys trot off with the trampoline.

TEACHER

You've made unbelievable strides with him.

19. EXT. - ROBBINS' BACKYARD - DAY

It's the Robbins' turn to entertain. They've invited the Holts, Phineas McCorkle, Kim, and several other DOCTORS and their SPOUSES; they've come from Manhattan for an afternoon by the pool. While Phineas sips his drink, Flippy sneaks a canape off his plate.

The only fly in the day's ointment happens to be a few hundred flies -- and Zelda. She makes a grand entrance into the backyard, plops down on a chair, and immediately takes over the entire party.

ZELDA

Wait till you hear about my seance!

She notices the guests' dumbfounded expression.

Oh. It's okay. I'm Lucy's eccentric sister. Listen to this. We were just sitting there * last night -- a circle of seven. The best number for a seance and --

Regina and the other guests cast weary looks at each other. Bill Holt rolls his eyes heavenward, only to spot a fly on his forehead. He smacks it with the palm of his hand.

Are you crazy? You want to kill a transmigrating soul? That could be Beethoven! (BEAT) Anyway, I was the medium. Usually that's not too great because, sure, I can do better than tap-tap-tap, but the most I've ever gotten was
(like nasal phone operator)
"Hello? Hello?" and static. But last night the Other Side spoke! Through me!

Jason pulls Lucy off to the side.

JASON

What is she doing here again?

LUCY

She left her crystal ball here and she needs it for tonight. I didn't think she'd actually sit down and stay. *

JASON

Lucy, if I get the job, these are the people I'll be working with. They don't have to know my sister-in-law has conversations with dead people.

LUCY

No one takes her seriously. She's a little odd. That never bothered you.

CAMERA PANS to the guests. Phineas McCorkle watches a fly crawl up his arm, then glances fearfully over to Zelda.

ZELDA

No! Don't move! Let it seek its own astral plane.

(to group)

Anyway, the voice was crystal clear.

"My name is Isidore Pincus. I am Beyond." *

Now Beyond. He used to have a shoe store on Kings Highway. "Hear me. Urgent. Re-order wing-tips. 9 triple E's. Black." What a night! It makes you glad to be alive.

drinking a coffee
CUT TO:

20. INT. - ROBBINS' KITCHEN - DAY

Lucy enters, followed by Flippy. Danny is removing appetizers from a baking sheet and arranging them on a platter. He hands her one to taste.

LUCY

Wow, it's wonderful. What is it?

DANNY

Amuse-queules aux champignons. Puff pastry, Dijon mustard, and mushrooms. They're so easy it's embarrassing.

LUCY

I should be so embarrassed. I didn't even try puff pastry until I was thirty-three, and then it was this disgusting, sticky blob, like something out of a low-budget horror movie. But you! You're a natural, Danny.

Danny saunters over to the kitchen table, sits, and, with typical teen-age politesse, gives another chair a kick, thus offering a seat to his mother.

DANNY

Well, I'm pretty good. And when I cook professionally, I'll be even better.

Lucy glances at the awesomely messy kitchen counter.

LUCY

I know, but how is it going to look having your mother following you to job interviews with a sponge and a Hefty bag? Danny, all I'm asking is that you behave responsibly -- and that you think about college.

DANNY

Well, I'm pretty good. And when I cook professionally, I'll be even better.

Lucy glances at the awesomely messy kitchen counter.

LUCY

I know, but how is it going to look having your mother following you to job interviews with a sponge and a Hefty bag? Danny, all I'm asking is that you behave responsibly -- and that you think about college.

DANNY

I'm thinking.

LUCY

Being an educated man is important. No one should go through life without reading The Tempest.

DANNY

Why not?

LUCY

Because it's beautiful. And because I don't want my smart, terrific kid to wind up a semiliterate dip with a spatula.

DANNY

Okay, every time I'm sitting around waiting for a souffle to rise, I'll read The Tempest.

LUCY

You'll read a cookbook or Rolling Stone or Sports Illustrated.

Just then, Kim flounces into the kitchen.

KIM

Danny! Another culinary triumph!

It's clear Danny has managed to remain immune to Kim's charm.

DANNY

Just some French stuff.

He gets up, grabs the platter and, as he passes by, offers Kim an hors d'oeuvre. Kim takes it and rolls her eyes as if she's experiencing orgasm rather than mushrooms. Danny gives his mother a familiar signal, a conspiratorial wink, then exits to pass the food around to the guests.

KIM

He is divine. But you...You belong outside, being the most enchanting hostess on Long Island. What are you doing in here if you have a live-in chef? It's Housewife's Syndrome! Hide in the kitchen. Classic.

*

LUCY

Classic avoidance. Simple, yet elegant.

KIM

Stop pretending to be happy!

LUCY

I am happy, Kim.

As Kim speaks, Lucy glances at Kim's perfectly polished nails -- and to her own unmanicured ones. Then she gets up and walks around the kitchen, touching her microwave, her coffee machine, as if they were talismans.

KIM

Fine. Except maybe Jason wants a zippier life. Except maybe he'd like a wife who did a little more than worship him and make pot roast. (BEAT) Lucy, let me help you. Get some decent clothes, get a job. Let me help you keep Jason.

CUT TO:

21. INT. - LUCY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Lucy sits in her nightgown examining herself in the mirror. Jason peers out from the bathroom. Then he enters and stands behind Lucy.

LUCY

I think I passed cute two years ago.
(touching corners of her eyes)
You can't be cute with crows' feet.
Even perky is pushing it.

*

JASON

Don't be silly.

He puts his hands on Lucy's temples. She smiles at him in the mirror, expecting a caress. Instead, he stretches her skin, demonstrating how her eyes would look after plastic surgery.

*

You could look like this.

For an instant, Lucy can't react at all. At last she forces herself to smile, then imitates Jason.

LUCY
 (in deep voice)
 But I wouldn't want that, Lucy.
 I love you just the way you are.

Jason takes his hands away and smiles at Lucy in the mirror. *

JASON
 Right.

CUT TO:

22. EXT. - PHINEAS' NORTH SHORE MANSION - TWILIGHT *

Lucy and Jason walk up the landscaped lane toward Phineas McCorkle's commanding estate on Long Island Sound. *

JASON
 Look at all this! It's beyond
 anything...I'm overwhelmed.

He sees Lucy is a little uncomfortable with his awed reaction.

Does that make me superficial?

LUCY
 (smiling)
 Yes.

But Jason's veneration for this opulence makes Lucy uneasy.

JASON
 Lucy, parties like this...This
 could be our future.

Lucy stops him. Clearly the future's been on her mind.

LUCY
 I was thinking about our future.

Her concern obviously hasn't registered; Jason simply assumes "our future" means "my future."

JASON
 It's a good sign, getting invited to
 Phineas McCorkle's. His Fourth of July
 parties are famous.

Lucy takes hold of her husband's hand.

LUCY
 Did you ever think about another baby? *

JASON
 Another what?

LUCY

I'm only thirty-seven, Jason. That's not too old. Sometimes, well, I can sort of see myself having another baby. Look, we had Danny right away and then you had your internship, and then your residency, and then the Army and then you were setting up a practice, and then Danny was eight and you said he was too old for a sister or brother. But you know how I love kids and --

JASON

This is because Danny's graduated and you feel pressured to get a job.

LUCY

I think you're really oversimplifying --

Suddenly, Regina and Bill Holt come up behind them.

REGINA

Ah, the Collagen King! And sweet little, um...

LUCY

Sweet little Lucy, Regina.

CUT TO:

23. EXT. - PATIO ON LONG ISLAND SOUND - TWILIGHT

A classical GUITARIST plays as WAITERS serve GUESTS the latest in Andalusian party food. In the distance, WE SEE Kim in a backless and near-frontless dress, being charming to A MAN.

JASON

You think there'll be a Husband Number Four?

LUCY

What Kim spends a year on silk blouses equals the national debt of Bolivia. There has to be a Number Four. (BEAT) Of course, the way Number Three died might make him nervous.

JASON

You mean during --

Lucy shakes her head.

LUCY

Just after. From what Kim said, he came...and went.

Just then, Kim glides over to them. Jason studiously avoids the vistas offered by her dress.

KIM

Jason, if you're trying to live life in the fast lane, you have to move. Circulate. Ooze charm. Don't be seen talking to your wife.

Jason goes off to circulate.

LUCY

Anything of interest? *

KIM

Slim pickings. They're married or they dribble or they're otherwise engaged.

LUCY

To each other.

KIM

Right. There's one eligible man here.

Kim indicates the man in question. From Lucy's POV WE SEE Hastings Lacey, Jr. in a 1957 white dinner jacket, standing by a buffet table, piling up on his plate what appears to be the Leaning Tower of Hors d'oeuvres.

LUCY

He sat next to me at the Holt's party! He's such a nice man. He's -- *

KIM

-- so batty. He'd rather give money away than spend it. That's my ex-step-son, Hastings Lacey Junior. Big rich. He inherited everything.
(regretfully)
I wish he didn't detest me.

LUCY

Can't you try being nice to him?

KIM

No, he knows me too well. (BEAT)
Every time I think of him sitting in that sixty-room mansion on Fifth Avenue --

ANOTHER MAN waves to Kim. She turns to Lucy.

Rocky marriage. See you later. *

As Kim hurries off, Lucy joins Jason and Phineas McCorkle. *
The three saunter over to a cabana made of awning-stripe canvas. Outside, there is a long table laden with platters, giant candles and elaborate papier mache decorations.

JASON

Phineas! An absolutely splendid party.

Lucy mouths "absolutely splendid?". It was never a Jason phrase.

PHINEAS

So glad. Now, Jason, our decision has been a long time coming, but you and Bill will know quite soon. We break ground on the new plastic surgery wing in three weeks. *

Lucy steps back so an UNSPEAKABLY STYLISH WOMAN can pass. She leans against a table. Her backside, alas, knocks over a candle.

LUCY

Sorry.

Too late. The candle causes the tablecloth to ignite. This sets fire to the papier mache, the table, and finally the cabana. The smoke quickly gets thicker and thicker until the entire patio is obscured.

FROM THE WATER'S EDGE WE SEE Phineas, the Holts, Kim and all the guests and waiters break through the black smoke and run, screaming, down the beach. WE SEE Lucy again. She's still horrified, but that doesn't stop her; she begins to laugh. She turns, trying to hide this grotesquely inappropriate reaction and comes face to face with Hastings Lacey, Jr. That sobers up Lucy, but not for long. Junior Lacey breaks into a huge smile. *

JUNIOR

This is more fun than I've had in years! *

CUT TO:

24. INT. - ZELDA'S BOOK STORE - DAY

Lucy is helping Zelda pack up a shipment of books.

LUCY

Jason didn't say a word last night. I never knew human lips could be so tight. The cabana burned down -- and so did the dinner -- arroz con...arroz.

ZELDA

You know what knocked over that candle, don't you? Your essence.

LUCY

Actually, it was my behind.

ZELDA

Your behind was an instrument of your spirit. The very core of you is writhing in torment because Doctor Slick wants to schlepp you into a life of falsity in Manhattan.

LUCY

Zelda, you live in Manhattan.

ZELDA

I'm not like you.

LUCY

(kindly)

You're not like anyone. (BEAT) Look, I have to run. I'm meeting Kim for lunch.

ZELDA

Take something to coat your stomach.

LUCY

She's my friend. And after lunch she's taking me to the magazine she works for to look at fall clothes.

ZELDA

You want to look at fall clothes, you wait till October! Why are you letting that floozy lead you around by the nose? If I've told you once...Lucy, she was born under planetary influences that are hostile to yours. She's bad news.

CUT TO:

25. INT. - ELEGANCE MAGAZINE FASHION DEPARTMENT - DAY

The fashion department contains almost as much clothing as Bergdorf-Goodman. Lucy is battling a horribly stylish tube of white silk. Her head and arms are completely obscured.

LUCY

(voice muffled)

It's like being trapped in a Trojan.

Kim helps her fix the dress, then stands back to critique it.

KIM

This is not you. But don't worry. We'll find your look.

LUCY

I never lost it. Come on, Kim, can't I just be a nice, ordinary...

Kim hands Lucy a red Lycra jumpsuit. Lucy stares at it.

KIM

Don't move while I'm contouring your eyelids. (BEAT) If Jason gets what he wants, he won't be doing nose jobs on Welcome Wagon ladies. He'll be meeting the most dynamite women, and he's going to be tempted.

Lucy tries to be nonchalant, but Kim is getting to her.

LUCY

Jason's really happy with me the way I am. He said he fell for me because I was the kind of girl he could take his shoes off with.

KIM

That's not a compliment. That's a warning. Listen to me. I'm out there. The older you get, the rougher it gets. I know what women will do to get a good man.

CLOSE UP of photograph in a silver frame: it's a picture of a florid-faced, elderly man with a grand, bushy moustache, a string tie, and a Stetson. An inscription is scrawled across his cowboy shirt. Except for the moustache, the Texas gear, and twenty-five years, the man in the photograph resembles his son, Hastings Lacey, Jr. *

There aren't any more Hastings Laceys around -- at least not for women over twenty-three. But forget rich Texans. Do you know what the competition would do for a good-looking plastic surgeon who's under eighty and still has bladder control?

Kim completes Lucy's makeover with several coats of lipstick.

There. You look marvelous. Adult.

Lucy sighs; this is all too much to take in. Unthinkingly, she rests her cheek on her hand.

POV Lucy. Kim's appalled expression. Lucy glances at her hand. It's covered with makeup. One side of her face is exquisitely contoured -- and the other soft and natural.

LUCY

(apologetically)

I seem to have lost a cheekbone.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE UP of photograph in a silver frame: it's a picture of a florid-faced, elderly man with a grand, bushy moustache, a string tie, and a Stetson. Except for the moustache, the Texas gear, and twenty-five years, the man in the photograph resembles his son, Hastings Lacey, Jr.

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There. You look marvelous. Adult.

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POV Lucy. The appalled expression on Kim's face. Lucy glances at her hand. It's covered with makeup. Then WE SEE one side of her face exquisitely contoured, and the other soft and natural.

LUCY

(apologetically)

I seem to have lost a cheekbone.

CUT TO:

27. INT. - ZELDA'S HOME - DAY

*

Zelda's living room on the balcony above her store is as eccentric as she is. It's strewn with occult books, bizarre wood and stone idols, incense burners, a shawl-draped armchair, astrological charts and a couple of crystal balls. Zelda is eating her lunch; it's a sphere as big as a softball. She offers Lucy a bite, ostentatiously ignoring Lucy's makeup and new dress.

*

ZELDA

A South Korean chicken ball. Delicious.

Lucy shakes her head no.

LUCY

But I'd love to see the chicken.

ZELDA

I don't like your aura. It's turning purple. Something's very strange.

LUCY

You.

ZELDA

No, besides me.

Zelda walks to her book shelf and kneels down.

It's somewhere...a book on auras.
With a color chart.

As Zelda searches, Lucy takes a small bite of the chicken ball. It's not bad, so she takes a bigger bite. Too big. She tries a half-smile of embarrassment, and attempts to clear her throat, but it doesn't work. Her grin becomes a grimace. Her face turns a dangerous red. She tries to call for Zelda, but no words come. Lucy bangs on the table.

(from crouched position)
Give me a second.

Lucy attempts to give herself the Heimlich maneuver.

I can't figure out that purple.
Does it mean one of your past lives
is maybe trying to send a message?

The Heimlich maneuver is not working. Lucy staggers toward Zelda.

Or maybe it's future-purple. You
know, something is going to happen.

Lucy collapses at Zelda's feet.

CUT TO:

28. EXT. - EAST VILLAGE STREET - DAY

An ambulance shrieks its way along the street.

CUT TO:

29. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Lucy lies on a bed in the emergency room surrounded by DOCTORS and NURSES. Zelda, beside herself, has taken off two of her necklaces and swirls them over Lucy while a nurse tries to pull her away. A couple of the residents exchange fast get-rid-of-her looks, but the chief of the emergency room, DR. TOM RAZZANO, a strong, almost tough-looking man in his mid-thirties, just pushes Zelda to the foot of the bed. His manner is so gruff it's difficult to see his kindness.

RAZZANO
Keep out of our way.

He puts an oxygen mask over Lucy's face. CAMERA PANS to door of emergency room and WE SEE Jason arrive. For a moment he

(CONTINUED)

stands transfixed, watching the commotion around the table, then he races over. He quickly realizes it's Razzano who is in charge.

JASON
I'm Doctor Robbins.

RAZZANO
(working desperately)
Later.

JASON
I'm her husband.

Razzano is a marked contrast to Jason; he looks like what he is: a kid from the slums who had the brains and tenacity to pull himself up and out. He's all substance and no style. He turns to Jason for a second.

RAZZANO
We're trying. Give us some room.

Razzano and his colleagues work with increasing desperation. Razzano leans over her. He is surprisingly gentle. He smooths back Lucy's hair.

(to Lucy)
Come on, sweetheart.

POV Lucy, who sees Razzano's face coming closer.

Try. Try for me.

Again, POV Lucy. Razzano's face, in a GIANT CLOSE UP, is almost touching hers.

Come on. Live!

. She stares into his eyes and we

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO:

30. EXT. - CEMETERY - DAY

The spires of Manhattan rise in the hazy distance. The MALE MOURNERS at Lucy's gravesite in the Queens cemetery are dressed in somber suits. All the WOMEN except Zelda seem to have the perfect little black funeral dress.

CLERGYMAN
A moment of silence for each of us
to remember our beloved Lucy.

Danny is crying, but manages to find enough strength to support his sobbing father. Around them, at least twenty WOMEN, friends and neighbors, press close, ready to offer Jason consolation.

Kim, gorgeous in black linen and pearls, weeps into a lace-edged handkerchief. Bill Holt stares at a pair of stick-out ears while Regina flutters her fingers in a fast wave toward Phineas McCorkle.

TIGHT SHOT of Zelda and the coffin. Zelda, in bright yellow, is grief-stricken but dry-eyed. She stares down, murmuring something to herself.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE of grief that takes us through the next year. We INTERCUT scenes of Jason, Danny, Kim and Zelda as they deal with their loss -- and with life as it goes on.

31. Jason is in bed with a brandy reading GQ. He seems composed, but then he glances at the empty half of the king-size bed and his eyes overflow. CAMERA MOVES DOWN to the floor near Lucy's side of the bed and WE SEE Flippy staring, sad-eyed, out into space.

DISSOLVE TO:

32. Danny is in the kitchen unmolding a timbale when suddenly he starts crying; he weeps into a dishtowel.

DISSOLVE TO:

33. Kim is at her word processor at Elegance. A sigh escapes her.

DISSOLVE TO:

34. Zelda stands near an overflowing bookcase in her shop; shoulders slumped, head down -- the posture of total loss.

DISSOLVE TO:

35. Phineas McCorkle wields the gold-plated shovel at the groundbreaking ceremony for the new plastic surgery clinic. Jason stands apart from the crowd looking downcast -- and very lonely.

DISSOLVE TO:

36. Danny is somber, but he's managing to concentrate on fluting a mushroom. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal he's working in a gleaming restaurant kitchen. FELICITY GLICK, the pudgy, frizzle-haired and adorable chef (and owner of the restaurant) who's a few years older than Danny, gives him an encouraging smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

37. Kim and a PROSPEROUS MAN sit on a couch in her apartment. She opens a college yearbook and shows him a picture of her and Lucy. He manages a consoling nod before going for Kim. She allows herself to be comforted.

DISSOLVE TO:

38. Zelda sits alone on the floor of her apartment. She's holding a crystal ball in front of her face. First she knocks on it, but apparently nobody is home. Next she shakes it. Nothing. Finally she walks out into the hallway and dumps * it down the incinerator.

DISSOLVE TO:

39. Jason is back at work, drawing lines on the face of an anesthetized patient, chatting with the SURGICAL RESIDENT and a NURSE. Both are female. Both are quite attentive.

DISSOLVE TO:

40. Danny brings an appreciative Felicity Glick a cup of coffee and a home-made croissant. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Danny climbing back into bed with her. CAMERA PANS to show their aprons dangling on the same hook.

DISSOLVE TO:

41. Kim is at the ultimate Hamptons tennis club; all the PLAYERS on the clubhouse patio wear the season's trendiest sportswear. Kim's DATE is obviously a tycoon, or at least a mogul -- the sort whose cigar is more phallic than his phallus. Kim is at her most charming, even when her date's eye wanders to an excessively young BLONDE.

DISSOLVE TO:

42. Zelda opens a just-delivered carton of used books. * She unpacks somewhat listlessly; this does not appear to be a bonanza of occult literature. Then she lifts out a very large, old book. She holds it up to the light and squints to make out its title. Her eyes widen and brighten, and she opens the book, barely able to contain her excitement.

DISSOLVE TO:

43. The board room at Knickerbocker is filled with VIPS including Jason, the Holts, and Phineas McCorkle. The huge mahogany table has an architect's model of the new plastic surgery wing as its centerpiece and all around it are flutes of champagne. Phineas McCorkle lifts his glass, a signal for everyone else to do so. CAMERA PULLS BACK. The group is toasting the new chief of plastic surgery -- Jason Robbins.

DISSOLVE TO:

44. CLOSE ON a beautifully designed menu with the name "Felicity." CAMERA PULLS BACK and WE SEE Felicity Glick leading Danny -- in his chef's hat -- to the most exclusive table in the restaurant. The PATRONS congratulate him. CLOSE ON Felicity, who stands by him, basking with pride and love.

DISSOLVE TO:

45. Kim is at a table in the outdoor summer cafe at Lincoln Center. Across from her sits another of her MONIED ESCORTS. Kim gets up and walks to the bar. WIDE SHOT as CAMERA REVEALS Jason at a table with THREE OTHER DOCTORS. He rises also. As they near the bar, Jason and Kim nearly bang into one another. After an awkward instant, they greet each other warmly.

DISSOLVE TO:

46. Zelda is standing and eating sardines from a can. She * sets the can down and goes over to the big book resting on her dinette table. She opens it and begins -- laboriously -- to mouth the strange syllables. Then she nods knowingly; it's all becoming clear.

DISSOLVE TO:

47. The flame of a candle. And enjoying dinner for two are Jason and Kim.

DISSOLVE TO:

48. Another flame. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Danny and * Felicity beside the candelabra that light a spectacular buffet. CAMERA PULLS BACK FARTHER and WE SEE a group of CHEFS applauding as one of them hangs a medal around Danny's neck.

DISSOLVE TO:

49. A flame. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Zelda at her * dinette table lighting twenty-one candles around the book: elegant tapers, stubby votives. Then she begins to chant.

MONTAGE ENDS.

CUT TO:

50. EXT. - CEMETERY - NIGHT

Once again, Zelda is surrounded by twenty-one candles. But this time, they're all covered with hurricane lamps. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show why; it's the dead of night and the wind is howling. Zelda stands before the great, ancient book. CAMERA PULLS BACK FARTHER to reveal the book resting on a tombstone. Opposite her is another stone engraved: Lucy Robbins, Beloved Wife and Mother. REVERSE SHOT of Zelda. She takes a deep, almost shuddering, breath, and starts to intone.

ZELDA

Mah-wah, tu-ree, kalabee-santee.
Lu-cy gol-do win-ja.

Trembling, she waits. Nothing happens.

Mah-wah, tu-ree, kalabee-santee.
Lucy gol-do win-ja!

Again, all is silence. Zelda backs away from the book, and tries a yoga stretch before trying again. But just then, there is a trembling of the earth around Lucy's grave. Zelda becomes so terrified she grabs a nearby tombstone to keep from keeling over. She whimpers:

Oh, no, no.

The trembling subsides. Zelda gazes at Lucy's tombstone.

Sorry, Lucy. I was chicken. (LONG BEAT)
(with fervor)
Mah-wah! Tu-ree! Kalabee-santee!
Lucy! Gol-do! Win-ja!

The ground starts to quake, and there is a cataclysmic roar. The earth rises higher and higher, and begins to crack. Zelda, naturally, faints.

And there, standing with her back to her own tombstone, looking healthy and bright-eyed, is Lucy Robbins. Lucy peers around. She obviously has no idea where she is. Suddenly, her eyes become huge. She's frightened by her surroundings and becomes more so when she sees Zelda's inert form. Lucy runs to her sister and kneels beside her.

LUCY
Zelda! Zelda, wake up.

Zelda's eyes open. Lucy sighs with relief, although that is cut short as Zelda starts to swoon again.

Stop it! What are you, in some kind
of a trance? What are we doing here?

Zelda opens her mouth, but there are no words. Lucy helps her up, now less frightened than put out -- Zelda is behaving poorly.

Zelda, this is beyond bizarre.
(suddenly nervous)
It's spooky.

Lucy pulls a stunned Zelda toward the cemetery gate.

I honestly don't remember coming here.
How did you talk me into this? (BEAT)
A cemetery. I don't believe it!

Zelda staggers under the weight of the huge book, but she pats its cover as if to say "thank you." Then she gazes up at the stars and murmurs in absolute amazement:

ZELDA

I don't believe it!

*

CUT TO:

51. INT. - SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

It's so late that only the drunk, the sociopathic -- and Lucy and Zelda -- are on the train. Both have a lot to say, and are determined to say it.

Zelda clutches the book, but each time the subway lurches it bangs against Lucy. Lucy -- having had it with Zelda's supernatural paraphernalia -- keeps pushing the book away.

LUCY

Why are we on a subway?
And where is my purse? Do you know how late it must be? What is Jason going to say when I walk in?

ZELDA

The ancient Catagonian incantation! I'd heard rumors, but who'd've thought it would be for real? And that I'd find it? The Unseen Hand directed me.

CUT TO:

52. INT. - ZELDA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

*

Zelda's place is in its usual state of semi-chaos. Zelda moves a huge phrenology chart off the couch to make room for Lucy. She leans it against a column that supports a bust of the mystic, Madame Blavatsky.

ZELDA

See, I was working against time. If I was going to bring you back, it had to be exactly one year to the day after you died. Well, there's more to it than that, naturally. You know, astrological configurations, purity of soul. And the incantation, of course.

LUCY

Zelda, I don't have time for this. I have to get home.
(slightly vague)
Do I have a brisket defrosting?

ZELDA

Lucy, listen to me. I got this big shipment of used books from the estate of a white witch in Sandusky. A run-of-the-mill collection. Except there it was: The Wisdom of Catagonia.

Zelda goes to a table and reverently picks up the book.

It was all crumbly and see, it smells like gym socks, but what a treasure! A turn-of-the-century translation from the ancient Catagonian and a transliteration of the most important chants. I mean, they didn't bother with the Spell Against Garlic Breath. But they had all the spells for love, making money, healing -- and conquering death.

Lucy looks at Zelda with concern, pity, and even a little horror.

That was the killer, you should pardon the expression. See, the Bridge Between Life and Death can only work under extraordinary circumstances. Someone has to die before their time.

Lucy can't help it. She laughs at her sister.

LUCY

Zelda, you've reached a new plateau.

ZELDA

You don't believe me.

She drags Lucy to her table, picks up a Times obituary page -- cut out and carefully preserved -- and shakes it in front of Lucy's nose.

Look. Look at the date.

Lucy gives the page a quick once-over. She sees nothing until Zelda points out the small listing: ROBBINS, LUCY. Lucy stares in disbelief.

LUCY

You had this page made up at one of those tourist stores on Forty-second Street: "Doreen and Dwayne Watkins Take New York by Storm."

ZELDA

No! I swear by the Ancient Healers.

LUCY

Okay. You brought me back from the dead.
(flippant)
Nice of you to take the time.

ZELDA

Wait! The condolence cards!

Zelda hurries off into the bedroom. Lucy walks over to Zelda's purse and, looking rather guilty, does a fast, silent

(CONTINUED)

ZELDA

No! I swear by the Ancient Healers.

LUCY

Okay. You brought me back from the dead.
(flippant)

Nice of you to take the time.

ZELDA

Wait! The condolence cards!

Zelda hurries into the bedroom, where WE SEE the antique *
armoire that we first saw in Lucy's Long Island bedroom. In
the living room, Lucy goes to Zelda's purse and, looking
guilty, does a fast search, and extracts a twenty dollar bill.
She finds a pen and paper. CLOSE UP of note: Zel, took \$\$
for train home. I.O.U. Lucy gazes at these three letters for
a moment, then slips out the door.

CUT TO:

53. EXT. - ROBBINS' HOUSE - DAWN

Lucy, a little shaken, rings the bell and waits. And waits
and rings again. She peers into the window. Her eyes widen
in disbelief. From Lucy's POV WE SEE an entrance hall and
living room covered in crimson flocked wallpaper -- with
upholstery to match. Finally, a MAN in a black silk bathrobe
-- with chest hair to match -- yanks open the door.

LUCY

Oh, sorry. I must be at the wrong...

(nervously, hopefully)

This isn't the Robbins' house?

MAN

It's the Burns residence.

Lucy sighs with relief.

Doctor Robbins was the previous owner.

CUT TO:

54. EXT. - SHOREHAVEN STREET - EARLY MORNING

Lucy stands in front of a new suburban shopping mall with its
sign "Shorehaven Commons." The quaint railroad station is in
the background. A LATE COMMUTER runs by, tie flying.

LUCY

Excuse me. Was this ever (BEAT)
a playground?

COMMUTER

(breathless)

They knocked it down last fall.

CUT TO:

ZELDA

Where were you?

LUCY

Where's Jason? Where's Danny?
What happened to our house? What
happened to me? Is Flippy okay?

Simultaneously, they try to soothe each other. Then Zelda takes Lucy's hand and leads her to a newsstand just outside the station house.

ZELDA

Everything's, uh, fine. (BEAT) You
thought I was kidding before. Ho-ho-ho,
Zelda's making an occult joke.

She gestures toward all the magazines and papers -- and the NEWS DEALER.

Look at the date. A year's gone by.
You think I had them all made up on
Forty-second Street? You think he's
in on the plot?

Lucy looks, and pales. Zelda puts a comforting arm around her and gently guides her onto the train.

CUT TO:

56. INT. - L.I.R.R. TRAIN - DAY

The sisters sit beside each other on this earliest of commuter trains to the city. Lucy doesn't believe what Zelda is saying, but she does know something is terribly wrong.

LUCY

Zelda, you've got to tell me...What
is going on? Did I hit my head?

*

ZELDA

You were dead.

Lucy, disbelieving, annoyed, shakes her head.

Lucy, remember the South
Korean chicken ball?

Lucy's eyes widen.

Hah! You remember. You remember
dying in the Knickerbocker Hospital
emergency room?

LUCY

I remember...

Her voice fades. What she is remembering -- although she doesn't know why -- is the last face she saw in her life: Tom Razzano's.

ZELDA

You choked on the chicken ball.
 Anyway, you died before your time.
 That's the first requirement in The Wisdom of Catagonia. The second is that the Evoker -- that's me -- has to have a love that is utterly pure; Catagonians didn't know from ambivalence. So okay, you think that's it? No. The spell only works a year from the day of death and while it's being intoned, the Earth, Moon, and the Dog Star have to form a perfect isosceles triangle.

Zelda beams at Lucy, convinced that everything is now clear. And it is clear to Lucy; whatever has happened, it has driven Zelda over the brink.

LUCY

I understand. Everything's fine now.

ZELDA

Lucy, you were dead! Dead! (BEAT)
 When we get back to the city, go back to the hospital if you don't believe me. Ask to see your records. Lucy, you died.

CUT TO:

57. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Lucy's POV. CAMERA TRACKS through the emergency room and stops outside the windowed walls of Tom Razzano's office. He's had a rough night, but he can't bring himself to go home. He is holed up in his small, messy sanctuary, rubbing his eyes and sipping coffee to keep awake. His feet are up on his desk as he reads through a pile of reports. WE SEE his name on the door: Thomas Razzano, M.D., Chief of Emergency Medicine. Lucy stands in the open doorway and raps gently on the glass.

LUCY

Dr. Razzano. Excuse me. Dr. --

Razzano looks up. Lucy can't speak another word. This is the face that's been on her mind ever since the train. She remembers him, and yet she knows she's never met him before.

From Razzano's POV, WE SEE Lucy, who looks not only pretty, but so appealing that he actually puts aside his report, sits up, and smiles -- which further dazzles Lucy. She enters his office and slowly lowers herself onto a chair. However, her aim is less than accurate and the chair, along with Lucy, crashes sideways to the floor. Razzano picks them both up.

Razzano looks up. Lucy can't speak another word. This is the face that's been on her mind ever since the train. She remembers him, and yet she knows she's never met him before.

From Razzano's POV, WE SEE Lucy, who looks not only pretty, but so appealing that he actually puts aside his report, sits up, and smiles -- which further dazzles Lucy. She enters his office and slowly lowers herself onto a chair. However, her aim is less than accurate and the chair, along with Lucy, crashes sideways to the floor. Razzano picks them both up.

RAZZANO

(encouragingly)

Well, what can I do for you?

LUCY

By any chance, do you remember me?

He'd remember her if he'd ever seen her. He stares at her, trying to figure out whether she's being sincere or coy; he hopes for sincere. Lucy, meanwhile, can barely manage a simple declarative sentence.

My sister...Some people call her
peculiar...She says I was here a
year ago. Something got stuck in
my throat. That much I remember.
She says I choked to death. They
brought me here.

*

Razzano stares. He's embarrassed, having been so attracted to a lunatic. He speaks to her in a calm, professional tone. *

RAZZANO

I'm sorry, but if you don't take a walk,
now, I'll have to call Security.

LUCY

I know how crazy it sounds, but do I
look even a little familiar? Maybe
I was blue. Maybe my husband was there.

Razzano glances at her wedding ring.

Jason Robbins. He's a plastic surgeon.

RAZZANO

Wait a second.

Lucy realizes she's made a minuscule dent.

LUCY

My name's Lucy Robbins. Remember?
There was this South Korean chicken ball --

LUCY

She died? Please, help me.

CUT TO:

58. INT. - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Razzano strides down the hall. Lucy hurries to keep up.

RAZZANO

This is nuts.

CUT TO:

59. INT. - HOSPITAL X-RAY ROOM - DAY

Lucy, in a paper examining gown, stands beside Razzano as he compares her new x-ray with her old one. He's annoyed at Lucy, annoyed at his own contribution to this idiocy, but he can't seem to stop himself.

LUCY

I found myself in a cemetery.
And I don't know how I got there.

Razzano shakes his head in admiration.

RAZZANO

You're terrific at this. So sincere.
Come on, who put you up to it?

LUCY

I told you, I'm Lucy Robbins and --

Razzano ignores her while he studies the x-rays.

RAZZANO

(mumbling, to himself)

Calcified pineal? *

Then he returns the x-rays to her medical records envelope, *
grabs her and pulls her out of the room.

CUT TO:

60. INT. - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Razzano rushes Lucy along as she attempts to keep up with him and keep the back of the paper gown closed. When they come to a door marked "Hematology," he pushes her inside.

CUT TO:

61. INT. - HEMATOLOGY LAB - DAY

Lucy sits in a corner amidst the vials and centrifuges while Razzano looks into a microscope and compares two slides. Then he goes to the phone and dials an extension.

Tom Razzano. Did you check?

He turns white and slowly hangs up the phone.

LUCY

My fingerprints matched the ones
from the...deceased?

RAZZANO

They matched.

CUT TO:

62. INT. - RAZZANO'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucy sits in a chair; she's ashen. Razzano brings in a container of coffee and holds it out to her. Her hands are shaking.

RAZZANO

Listen, I'm no pill pusher, but I think
I ought to give you something to calm you down.

LUCY

Oh, no. I'm fine now.

To prove it, she takes the container firmly from Razzano --
and spills coffee all over his pants. It's a measure of
Lucy's shock that she hardly notices.

Am I alive?

RAZZANO

You're not dead.

Lucy looks up at Razzano.

LUCY

Is there anything (BEAT)
different about me?

Slowly, Razzano lowers himself into a catcher's stance so that
he can look straight at Lucy. He's on the verge of giving her
a long list of ways she is different. But he's so uneasy with
this wave of feeling that he becomes professional in self-
defense. He takes a long, objective look at her. Now he's
more comfortable; his eyes start to glow with scientific
curiosity.

RAZZANO

I'm gonna order every test we've got.
You name it, we're gonna study it.

Lucy is overwhelmed by the confirmation of her death -- and by
Razzano.

RAZZANO

I'm gonna order every test we've got.
You name it, we're gonna study it.

He shoves a paper and pen toward her.

Write down your address and phone number
so we can set up appointments.

Lucy is overwhelmed by the confirmation of her death -- and by Razzano.

LUCY

(softly)

It was you, your face.

Lucy writes as Razzano continues excitedly:

RAZZANO

I've gotta call the department heads,
get everything set up.

(jotting notes)

HLA tissue typing with the sister,
CAT scan, PET scan.

Alive with excitement, he strides out to the corridor and disappears into the emergency room. Lucy watches him leave, thinks for a moment, then lifts his phone and dials 411.

LUCY

In, uh, Manhattan. The residence of
a Dr. Jason Robbins? And the address,
please. (LONG BEAT) 572 Park Avenue?

CUT TO:

63. EXT. - PARK AVENUE APARTMENT - DAY

The building is guarded by a formidable DOORMAN. As a GRANDE DAME exits and he hails a cab, Lucy sneaks inside.

CUT TO:

64. INT. - PARK AVENUE LOBBY - DAY

Lucy slips into an open elevator run by a solemn ELEVATOR OPERATOR.

LUCY

(more solemnly-than-thou)

Dr. Robbins.

The doors close and we

CUT TO:

65. INT. - PARK AVENUE VESTIBULE - DAY

Lucy faces an imposing MAID.

MAID

Dr. Robbins is not up as yet.

LUCY

Not up? It's almost lunchtime.

The maid doesn't have a chance to finish. Instead, Lucy pushes past her.

CUT TO:

66. INT. - APARTMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

The corridor looks frigid and ultra-fashionable, with bleached white wood floors and rough, dry-plastered, all-white walls. Lucy races down the hall, opening doors. At each she calls:

LUCY

Jason!

CUT TO:

67. INT. - JASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is as cold as the corridor: white walls and bare floor, with a bed that is merely a mattress floating on a gray leather platform. The only other object in the room is a precisionist metal sculpture that resembles a perfect icicle.

TIGHT SHOT of Jason lying in bed, looking quite content. From his POV, the door bursts open. And there is Lucy.

From Lucy's POV, WE SEE he has company in bed: Kim.

Lucy is dumbstruck at the sight of her husband and her best friend. Not so Jason and Kim; once they actually see Lucy, they start to scream -- hysterically. This sets Lucy off. Her shrieks are so loud, so raucously out of control, that Jason and Kim bellow even louder, utterly unstrung at the sounds coming from Lucy.

WIDE SHOT when, as if on cue, the three fall silent. They stare at each other in horror and disbelief. A strange-looking clipped dog enters and noses Lucy. She gives it a reflexive pat on the head while continuing to gape at Jason and Kim. The moment seems as though it might last forever, but then the maid -- terrified -- tiptoes up to the door.

MAID

Mrs. Robbins?

LUCY

Yes.

KIM

Yes.

MAID

Bye.

The maid turns on her heel -- and runs.

Lucy looks back on Kim and Jason lying on their expensive white linens, with their white-on-white monogram. She slowly comprehends; this couple in the bed is Dr. and Mrs. Robbins.

LUCY

Oh my! (BEAT) Oh my!

CUT TO:

68. INT. - JASON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room Lucy, Kim, Jason, and the odd-looking dog are in is large, and about as warm as the inside of a tomb. It is stylish though, with mirrored walls hung with a few stark Pearlstein-like figure studies, white marble floors, and black Le Corbusier furniture.

Jason is dressed in a Savile Row suit and an Hermes tie. He no longer looks professorial; the glasses are gone. His hair is cropped close, obviously a new and very fashionable style for this most fashionable of men. Kim, however, is in a white silk robe so transparent that it's clear why Dr. Robbins has taken to staying in bed so late.

JASON

(voice shaking)

I can't believe...I can't accept...

(emotion turning to anger)

This is some sort of grotesque joke.

LUCY

Jason, it's me.

The dog sighs contentedly and lies down at Lucy's feet, resting its head on her shoes. Finally, Jason walks over to her and touches her arm. She's thrilled, until she realizes he's examining her to see if it's real.

JASON

You're warm!

LUCY

Of course I'm warm! What did you think, that it would be like feeling up a lox?
(BEAT) Put on your glasses, look at me.

JASON

I don't wear glasses anymore.

LUCY

It must be a lot of laughs in the operating room.

JASON

I wear contact lenses.

LUCY

You always said you looked moronic without your glasses.

KIM

This is insane! Why are we talking to you? This isn't you.

Lucy starts to flash her old friendly grin when she realizes the situation. She's further intimidated by Kim's sexy robe. Lucy tries not to stare, but she can't help it; Kim has an extremely voluptuous bosom, one that was never in evidence before. Kim notices Lucy's glance.

Jason did me. (BEAT) Who are you?

LUCY

Kim, it's me. You've known me since freshman year of college.

(singing)

"To D Phi E sing praises/
Of girls in yellow blazers..."

Kim shivers with terror and recognition.

KIM

Stop it! You're dead! Buried!

LUCY

I think...It seems that I was, but Zelda had this book...she did this incantation or whatever and, well, here I am. Again.

Lucy turns to Jason.

LUCY

Where's Danny? Is he okay?

JASON

(still aghast)

He's fine.

LUCY

(delighted)

Oh Jason, tell me. I'm dying to...
I guess I'd better rephrase that.
I can't wait to see him.

The dog sits up and gives Lucy a great, slurping kiss. Absentmindedly, Lucy scratches it behind its ear.

Did he go to Columbia? Is he --

The dog bestows several more fervent kisses. Lucy turns and for the first time looks the creature in the eye. Her eyes widen in amazement.

Flippy?

The dog gives a bark of delight and leaps on her. Lucy responds with a passionate hug. Then she strides toward Jason. Flippy follows.

How could you do this? She looks like she's in basic training.

But Lucy's stride is too long -- and the marble floor too smooth. Suddenly, she's doing a slow split, and she can't stop herself.

POV Lucy on the floor: Kim gives Jason a "Do something" look. Jason rushes over and pulls Lucy up.

JASON

Let's go for a walk. We'll talk.

Lucy brightens. Kim does not; she makes a move to join them. But Jason is determined to get these two Mrs. Robbinses apart.

(to Lucy)

Just the two of us.

He holds open the door for Lucy. She is so busy glowing she does not notice when Jason turns to Kim and gives her a private nod of reassurance.

CUT TO:

69. EXT. - JASON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

As Lucy and Jason walk out the front door, she links her arm through his. Jason stiffens, and when he speaks, it's out of the side of his mouth, like a convict in a prison movie.

JASON

The doorman knows I'm married.

Lucy disengages her arm. She's hurt, but she's trying not to show it.

LUCY

Chief of plastic surgery! You must be so proud. (BEAT) Jas, let's be honest. It was not the biggest thrill of my life to come in and find you and Kim Lacey --

JASON

Robbins.

LUCY

-- in bed together.

(condescendingly)

But I understand. I guess marrying her was a way of...keeping me alive.

JASON

Um, are you, uh, feeling all right?

LUCY

Actually, I'm starved. I haven't eaten for...

She laughs a little nervously. Jason shudders and we

CUT TO:

70. INT. - RESTAURANT - DAY

Lucy and Jason Robbins sit beside each other in a restaurant that is high-style middle-American. Lucy smiles expectantly at Jason. In response, he reaches out and tilts up her head and opens her eyes to examine them.

JASON

This is phenomenal! Your vital signs look normal.

Jason lapses into silence. Lucy realizes he's still somewhat numb.

LUCY

This must be such a shock for you.

She can't resist soothing Jason. She strokes his new haircut. He pulls back.

Stop it, Jason! I'm not "It Came From the Crypt." I'm your wife. (BEAT) What are we going to do about Kim?

Jason gets a reprieve as the WAITER approaches.

WAITER

Hi! What can I get you? Ma'am?

Lucy stares at him, then looks around, realizing the relentless trendiness of the place.

LUCY

Maybe some steamed vegetables and --

JASON

(whispering)

That was last year.

(aloud to waiter)

We'll have the meatloaf, mashed potatoes, red-eye gravy, and succotash.

(suddenly, to Lucy)

Can you (BEAT) eat?

LUCY

Of course I can eat. Hey, how come for the last five years you wouldn't let me make my meatloaf?

The waiter walks off, breathing a sigh of utter ennui.

LUCY (cont.)

How could you ask: "Can you eat?"
What do you think I do? Munch on
teeny, furry animals? *

To prove herself, she eats a piece of bread.

Chewy little devil. *

JASON

Home cooking is in.

LUCY

Succotash, with those mushy lima beans?

JASON

I happen to have developed a fondness
for succotash.

Lucy ribs Jason as she did in earlier scenes. She imitates
his voice and repeats his words.

LUCY

(in her deep Jason voice)

"Does that make me superficial?"

Lucy smiles. Jason looks perplexed; he no longer gets it.

JASON

We have to talk. Lucy, you don't
seem to have absorbed the reality
of the situation. I loved you. I
really did. But now I'm married.

LUCY

Come on, Jason. You know deep down
you think Kim's cold, hard...

Lucy notices the shocked look on Jason's face.

(tenderly)

Was it awful for you, Jas? You must
have been so lonely. It's been a year.

Lucy gazes up at Jason, then closes her eyes, waiting to be
kissed. Jason responds with a torrent of sincerity.

JASON

A year. (BEAT) Lucy, I've been sitting
here thinking about myself, my reaction,
not really comprehending the trauma
you must be going through.

(with forced enthusiasm)

You haven't seen the new plastic surgery
wing. Let me share that with you.

CUT TO:

71. EXT. - EAST EIGHTIES - DAY

As Lucy and Jason walk along, Lucy realizes all the WOMEN are wearing plain slacks, bermuda shorts and skirts with the most simple cotton sweaters. She's delighted. *

LUCY

Look at what they're wearing! It's like an invasion from Westport.

(as a movie title)

"The Attack of the Understated."

JASON

Simplicity is in.

LUCY

Great! (BEAT) Are housewives in?

JASON

Well, housewife's clothes are in. Warmth, homeyness -- it was Kim's concept and it's really taking off. The smartest, toughest women want to make a sweet, maternal fashion statement.

LUCY

They can always hire someone to come up to their offices and spit up pabulum on their shoulder pads. *

They turn the corner and we

CUT TO:

71a. INT. - NEW PLASTIC SURGERY WING - DAY *

Jason opens the door and stands back, filled with pride, as Lucy enters the new wing. It's still under construction -- WORKMEN rush about -- but it's obvious this building is a stunner. *

POV Lucy: The wing's back wall is the old, weathered stone facade of the hospital, with a flight of modern stairs leading up to what was once the visitors entrance.

LUCY

The new wing? They were just getting ready to break ground. (BEAT) It's like someone put the world on fast forward.

JASON

We're having a gala opening right after Labor Day.

Jason looks at Lucy, obviously expecting an outpouring of praise for the spectacular design. Lucy, good wife that she is -- or was -- gives it her best shot.

LUCY

It's so wonderfully...modern!
(more honestly)

It's beautiful, Jason, but it looks like
some avant-garde architect tippy-toed in
one night and glued it on to the old building. *

JASON

Lucy, don't you see the wit? The
homage to Classical Revival style
played off in absolutely pure
geometric forms...

*

As Jason expounds, they notice a fellow surgeon, BOB FISKE, *
a tall man who resembles a Viking, exiting the old hospital
entrance. Lucy starts to wave. Jason practically tackles her
and pushes her toward the door.

LUCY

Isn't that Bob Fiske? I just want
to say hello.

*

JASON

You can't say hello! He was at
your funeral.

Jason pulls Lucy closer to the door, on his way to the
safety of a park across the street.

*

CUT TO:

72. EXT. - CARL SCHURZ PARK - DAY

Lucy and Jason walk along a path, now and then moving to make
room for RUNNERS. Lucy can't believe the respectable distance
between her and Jason. Then he edges even further away.

LUCY

You're acting like I'm a blind date that's
not working out. I'm your wife. We've
been married eighteen -- nineteen? -- years.

JASON

We were married eighteen years.

LUCY

(LONG BEAT) And you and Kim?

JASON

Five months.

Lucy stops short and does a fast calculation.

LUCY

(bellowing)

I'm dead seven months and you remarry!
What did she do, wear something
see-through to the cemetery?

Jason tries to ignore the runners who slow down and stare. He
makes himself grab onto Lucy's arm to hurry her along. Lucy
interprets his touch as a loving gesture, a rapprochement.

LUCY

I didn't mean to yell. I love you.

JASON

Let me try to help you understand.
When I ran into Kim we were both in
the midst of the grieving process.
But then I realized how much she
meant to me. Her chic, her wit --

LUCY

But can you take your shoes off with her?

JASON

There's more to life than wiggling your toes.
Kim and I have a great deal in common. Our
aesthetic sensibility. Our world view.

LUCY

Your world view was that Kim is full of it.

JASON

I was so intimidated by her glamour --
even way back when -- that I couldn't
see beneath the surface. But I've changed,
Lucy. Moving to the city was just the
culmination of a lot of personal growth.
(BEAT) And Kim and I have established
an extremely profound relationship.

LUCY

Oh, come on, Jason! Come on.
(conciliatory)
You're my life.

*

JASON

I want to help you make another life.
Please, I never want you to doubt that
I cared. I did care. Deeply.

LUCY

"Did care"? Hey, I'm Lucy. You love me.

JASON

I want to make every provision for
you. Um, unfortunately, right now
there's a bit of a cash flow problem.

LUCY

You're broke! Oh, Jason, that's sad.
You think I don't remember how much
you said you'd be making in Manhattan?
What is she buying? Fifty thousand
dollar spray-can paintings that look
like graffiti in a men's room?

JASON

Kim cares passionately about art.

LUCY (cont.)
 you said you'd be making in Manhattan?
 What is she buying? Fifty thousand
 dollar spray-can paintings that look
 like graffiti in a men's room?

JASON
 Kim cares passionately about art.

LUCY
 She cares about being invited to cocktail
 parties! And she gave my beautiful dog
 a crew cut so she wouldn't have to be
 embarrassed in front of her interior
 decorator, and

She puts her hands on her hips, trying to look tough. But
 tears fill her eyes.

I want Flippy back!

CUT TO:

73. EXT. - "FELICITY" - DAY

Lucy waits under the restaurant's canopy. Jason comes out --
 followed by Danny. Danny stops and stares at Lucy. Then he
 turns to Jason.

DANNY
 This isn't funny!

Angry at his father, but a little disturbed, (it's not like
 Jason to try and pull such a painful practical joke) Danny
 starts to march up to Lucy.

(to Jason)
 What is this? A mask? A double? I
 don't think this is funny at all.

Danny comes up to Lucy. She reaches out to touch his face,
 and his knees buckle. Just in time Lucy grabs him. He stares
 into her eyes. She gives him their old signal, that fast,
 conspiratorial wink.

Oh Mom!

Danny, overcome with emotion, hugs Lucy and she hugs him back,
 resting her head against the shoulder of her towering, grown-
 up child. *

CUT TO:

74. INT. - "FELICITY" - DAY

Danny stands with Lucy in a corner of the huge kitchen. It's
 a scene of traditional kitchen chaos: SOU-CHEFS and ASSISTANTS
 zip about, displaying varying degrees of hysteria.

DANNY

Aunt Zelda?

LUCY

I know. The last time I believed in her, she told me she could make my chocolate chip cookie disappear. She mumbled something like "Gooba-gooba", waved it in the air -- and then stuffed it into her mouth.

Lucy smiles and peers around the kitchen. She grabs Danny's hand. POV Lucy. Her herbs in their Mexican terra cotta pots are thriving.

These chives! The tarragon! And look what you've done with the rosemary! It never grew like that for me.

Lucy walks over and plucks off a leaf of basil. She examines it as if it had a picture of her old life drawn on it.

DANNY

Um, Mom. Did Dad tell you about...

LUCY

(too brightly)

Kim? Don't worry. Once he's had a chance to think it over, it'll be fine.

DANNY

You know, Mom, a lot can happen in a year. With me for instance --

Lucy touches his arm tenderly and cuts him off.

LUCY

I know. (BEAT) But with Dad it was different. He wasn't one of those forty-three-year-old guys in tennis shorts who have meaningful relationships with Swedish airline stewardesses. I died. People tend to view that as final.

CUT TO:

75. EXT. - GREENWICH VILLAGE CARRIAGE HOUSE - TWILIGHT

The house is one of those small, quirky, and completely charming clapboard houses on a street like Greenwich Mews.

LUCY

You live here?

DANNY

It's been a wonderful year.
Oh, Mom, I didn't mean...

LUCY

I know. Danny, I'm so proud.

DANNY

You should be. You got me started.
Remember the chocolate mush cake?

Felicity opens the door.

Mom, this is Felicity Glick.

Felicity beams at them.

The great restaurateur. (BEAT)
And my wife.

CUT TO:

76. INT. - GREENWICH VILLAGE CARRIAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Danny stands before an elaborate array of cold seafood, while Felicity, with an expert's easy authority, opens and tastes a bottle of white wine. The carriage house is furnished in warm, simple country French style. The only excess is a wildly elaborate kitchen. Lucy stares at it with appreciation and a little awe; she can't believe this dream of a kitchen is her son's. And then she turns and on a wall facing the table and chairs is her collection of framed fruit crate labels. She has to sit down. *

LUCY

My California fruit crate labels!
Oh Danny, you really kept me with you.
I can just imagine you: snipping parsley
from my pots in the restaurant, sitting
here crimping pie crusts and thinking about

A funny expression crosses her face.

your late mother. (BEAT) Where are
my other things?

DANNY

(uncomfortable)
I'm not sure. I have most of the
kitchen stuff, but maybe the rest...
I guess...given away.

LUCY

You mean (BEAT) donated?

Danny -- reluctantly -- nods. He arranges the seafood on a platter.

It's kind of strange to imagine my red
velvet hostess gown in the window of
the Salvation Army Thrift Shop. *

Danny beats up a batch of mayonnaise. It splatters and from Lucy's POV WE SEE a CLOSE SHOT of the messy counter and, not far away, a sponge. Lucy walks to the counter, but before she can get there she's nearly paralyzed with shock. Danny has cleaned up after himself; not only that, his spices and utensils are lined up in perfect order. Lucy is thrilled.

You're neat! I never thought I'd live to see the day...Actually, I didn't.

FELICITY

Mrs. -- Mom, I guess this isn't easy.

LUCY

You like to think, Well, if anything happens, everybody I love is strong enough to carry on. But everyone seems to have carried on so well. (BEAT) And Danny being married. He's so young.

DANNY

I'm as old as you were when you got married. *

LUCY

But I was married years ago, before women were people. *

(to Felicity)

He's nineteen.

FELICITY

I know. I said, Hey Big D, we can't get married. Who ever heard of a child groom?

LUCY

And what did he say?

FELICITY

He said why buy two sets of pots and since we were already --

DANNY

(interrupting)

Felicity, get me a couple of lemons.

Felicity goes to the refrigerator as Danny finishes the mayonnaise.

Mom, you don't seem to realize the importance of what's happened to you.

FELICITY

He's right. It's (BEAT) earth-shattering.

DANNY

If the news about what Aunt Zel did got out, it would change the way people look at...at life.

76a. INT. - ZELDA'S LIVING ROOM AND BEDROOM - NIGHT *

Lucy, weary from the day's events, sits on Zelda's couch.
Zelda is beside her. *

LUCY

You know what's so odd? I'm a nester.
Stick me anywhere -- a pup tent, a
padded cell -- and in two minutes I'll
put up curtains. And now, (BEAT) I
don't have anyplace to hang my hat --
if I had a hat. *

ZELDA

You have a hat. That straw thing that
looks like last week's waffle. *

LUCY

I had a hat. *

ZELDA

No, you have a hat.

Zelda pulls Lucy off the couch and leads her into the
bedroom. CAMERA TRACKS them and WE SEE Zelda showing Lucy
the armoire. Lucy opens it and lets out a whoop of delight
when she sees her whole wardrobe. *

LUCY

My clothes! Zel, you saved them!
(BEAT) Why? *

ZELDA

(with real emotion)

Because...they were yours. *

The sisters join hands and we *

CUT TO:

77. INT. - ZELDA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lucy is in the shower. Zelda is leaning against the wall.

ZELDA

Good riddance to bad rubbish.

Lucy sticks her shampoo-covered head out of the shower.

LUCY

Jason is my husband.

She goes back under the shower.

ZELDA

So what's he doing with that trollop on
Park Avenue? Taking her temperature?

CUT TO:

78. INT. - ZELDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lucy, her hair still damp, enters the living room. She
glances up and there, on the couch beside Zelda, is Tom
Razzano. For a moment, he and Lucy stare at each other.
Razzano recovers first. He stands, and slowly walks to her.

LUCY

Oh. Hello.

She's putting all her energies into being casual, willing
herself not to be attracted. But then, he takes her hand.

(nervously)

Um, how have you been?

RAZZANO

Shhh.

Lucy stares, astounded, unconsciously thrilled...that is,
until Razzano coolly begins to take her pulse.

A little more rapid, but not significant.

(BEAT) How come you ran out on me this
morning? I was getting the tests set up...

Lucy casually saunters toward a chair -- and knocks a small
bust off a pedestal. It crashes onto her bare foot.

ZELDA

Madame Blavatsky!

Zelda runs and hugs Madame Blavatsky to her heart while Razzano helps Lucy to the couch. She sits quietly, sneaking fast, unconscious glimpses of him while her foot rests in his lap as he examines it.

RAZZANO

Not broken.

Zelda takes something from Madame Blavatsky's neck, and hands it to Lucy.

LUCY

It's my locket!

Lucy is thrilled. She opens it and shows it to Razzano.

This is my son, Danny, when he was
six months old.

RAZZANO

He's really cute...what you'd look like
without teeth and hair.

Lucy closes the locket and slips it over her head.

LUCY

(to Zelda)

Where did you get this?

ZELDA

From Dr. Plastique. He asked me if I was
interested in any of your personal effects.
This had the strongest emanations.

(thoughtfully)

Sometimes you find incredibly powerful
vibrations in old brassieres, but yours
just had a slight hum.

Zelda goes back to communing with Madame. Razzano does not *
seem to realize he's still holding Lucy's foot. Finally she
draws it away. They're both discomforted by the end of an
intimacy they hadn't admitted existed.

RAZZANO

Tomorrow morning at the hospital.
Eight-thirty. No breakfast. And --

LUCY

Yes?

Razzano wants to say something charming or witty or memorable, but he's overwhelmed at having fallen for Lucy so hard.

RAZZANO

-- bring your first morning specimen.

He stands up straight, trying to look cool and doctorly, but a fast smile breaks through before he turns and rushes back to his more comfortable, familiar world.

CUT TO:

79. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Jason hurries along the corridor where Lucy is waiting. She taps him on the shoulder. Jason does more than jump; he's so astounded by her being there he nearly leaps.

JASON

What are you doing here?

Lucy holds up a brown paper bag.

LUCY

My contribution to science. Doctor Razzano has arranged all sorts of tests and --

As a group of DOCTORS walk toward them, Jason quickly positions himself in front of Lucy, hiding her from them.

JASON

You can't be seen here! If you have those tests, if word gets out...

*

Jason is dreadfully nervous, but not so nervous that he can't begin to think about the possibilities of someone exploiting Lucy.

*

(reflectively)

What's in it for Razzano? Why is he so interested?

*

He hurries Lucy along the corridor.

LUCY

Life after death is not exactly an overworked area of medical research.

*

That's clear enough to Lucy, but Jason appears even more skeptical. *

CUT TO:

80. EXT. - PATIENTS' LOUNGE - DAY

Jason steers Lucy onto a terrace, continuing to weave back and forth to block her from view. A couple of PATIENTS sit quietly in bathrobes. He leads her to the farthest corner.

LUCY

Admit it. We had a wonderful marriage.

JASON

I was very, uh, content.

LUCY

You make it sound like you were married to a cow.

JASON

No, no. no. But there's something to be said for (BEAT) heat.

LUCY

What's wrong with you? Amnesia? We had heat. But after nineteen years, if you get the urge, and the roast beef's ready, you can wait till after dinner.

Jason leans on the ledge of the balcony facing out toward the city.

Was it such a humiliation to you that I am -- was -- am a housewife? Is writing about Italian knitwear so much more important than keeping a house, raising a child?

JASON

You're a fine, fine person --

LUCY

Please come back.

JASON

-- probably better than I deserve.

Then he shakes his head no.

LUCY

You're my husband. Hey, you know something? You really are! We're not divorced.

JASON

I spoke with my attorney. You're right; we're not legally divorced. (BEAT) But you're legally dead.

LUCY
(horrified)
Oh Jason! I'm sorry.

As she apologizes, she reaches into her handbag for a tissue -- but comes up with a mini-pad. Jason pulls out his own handkerchief.

How could you have married her?

JASON
I hate to say this, but I have to live my life on a broader canvas.

LUCY
"Broader canvas!" I'm not some hot little number you met at an artsy cocktail party. Damn it, I'm your wife! *

JASON
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!! Lucy, you've got to get out of here.

She peers around the terrace.

No, out of town. This could be devastating. Arizona!

LUCY
I don't know anyone in Arizona.

JASON
That's the point. You'll go someplace where no one knows you, where you can start a new life, use another name. (BEAT) Lucy, I have a new life and it's marvelous. I had a nice, clean second chance

He smooths the front of his custom-made, monogrammed shirt.
and I grabbed it.

LUCY
You know what you grabbed, Jason?
Glitz. True glitz.

JASON
No! Lucy, listen to me; now it's your turn. Seize the day. You're not doomed to be a housewife.

LUCY
(put out)
I never thought of myself as "doomed."

JASON

That's not fair. I'm living a rich, resonant, fun life -- parties, opening nights, the best people. And I think I'm a better surgeon for it.

Lucy can't help it; she knows Jason too well: She starts to laugh.

That's hostile laughter. But I understand...and I'm still on your side. Listen to me; now it's your turn. Seize the day. You're not doomed to be a housewife.

Jason is so aglow at the force of his own words -- and so * full of himself -- that he does not notice what Lucy is doing. She's trying to pull off her wedding band -- but that's not so easy. She puts the brown bag with her specimen on the ledge of the terrace and goes back to work, tugging at the ring as Jason pontificates.

Lucy, you can be anything!

And just as she succeeds, her elbow knocks into the specimen * and it goes hurtling off the ledge. Lucy peers down, chagrined, but then relieved that at least it did not bean a passerby. Then Lucy takes the ring she is holding and, as Jason looks on, calmly drops it over the ledge of the terrace, and watches it fall the ten stories down to the street.

LUCY

(with brave smile)

I certainly hope so. *

CUT TO:

81. INT. - EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Lucy, sitting on an examining table and draped with a sheet, is getting a preliminary checkout by Razzano. He checks her throat and glands.

LUCY

Am I normal?

RAZZANO

You seem normal. The magnetic resonance imaging we did shows your tissue behaving like normal human tissue. It would be a shame if you turned into something hairy with fangs. You don't, do you? *

Lucy shakes her head.

LUCY

I'm asking because I have to make plans for my life. I have to know (BEAT) how long am I going to be around?

RAZZANO

Listen, I wish I could give you some nice guarantee. It seems to me you're just like the rest of us. You'll be around fifty years. Or five minutes.

Lucy takes a minute to absorb that.

LUCY

I don't know what plans to make. A year ago I was a housewife, mother, volunteer. And now I'm a free woman.
(seriously)
I should want a job...to be something.
(whimsically)
A mezzo-soprano, a meteorologist.

RAZZANO

You sing?

Lucy shakes her head.

You like weather?

LUCY

No. What I really like is being around the house. But these days everybody's a vice-president.
(wearily)
Returning from the dead was a cinch. Life is exhausting.

Just then, the door of the examining room bursts open and Jason stomps in.

JASON

Get your clothes on!

RAZZANO

Stay put!

JASON

Lucy, don't you understand what he's going to do? He's going to use you as a guinea pig and then write you up and have the papers published in (BEAT) the creme de la creme of medical journals. He's going to use you to get power and prestige.

(eyes gleaming at possibilities)
He wants to be (BEAT) a star.

*

*

JASON (cont.)
I won't let him exploit you.

RAZZANO
(to Jason)
Hey, you're full of it!
(to Lucy)
I don't want to be a star. I
just want to be a doctor. But
don't you see what a fantastic
chance this is? We work ourselves
till we're punchy for one reason:
to beat out death -- even though
we know eventually we've gotta
lose. But you won. And if there's
anything about you that can tell
us why, we've gotta try to find it.

LUCY
Jason, this is my new life now,
the one you told me you're not
part of.

Jason, in a monumental huff, EXITS. Razzano puts a
stethoscope in his ears and starts listening to her chest.

By the way, has it occurred to you
that I'm something more than a body?

Razzano may talk tough, but he takes a strand of hair that's
fallen over Lucy's forehead and gently pushes it back.

RAZZANO
Yeah, sure, you're a human being
with feelings. Breathe.

LUCY
I am a human being!

She breathes. Razzano breaks into a dazzling smile. *

RAZZANO
So am I.

CUT TO:

82. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER CORRIDOR - DAY

Lucy leaves the examining room in a jaunty mood -- possibly
because of thoughts of Tom Razzano. But suddenly she stops
dead in her tracks, and her happy expression turns to
horrified surprise. There, walking straight toward her, is

(CONTINUED)

dead in her tracks, and her happy expression turns to horrified surprise. There, walking straight toward her, is Bob Fiske, the surgeon Jason hid her from in Scene 71. But Lucy's reaction is nothing compared to Fiske's. For an instant, as he gazes at Lucy, it seems as if he may swoon. But then he recovers, and before she can rush away, he moves right in front of her. He takes her face in his hands and examines every centimeter of it.

FISKE

Forgive me, but you must tell me.
Did Jason Robbins do this to you?

*

Lucy gulps -- and nods.

*

Brilliant job.

*

Fiske walks off and mutters to himself:

*

What a sick guy!

*

CUT TO:

82. EXT. - PARK AVENUE - DAY

Lucy paces nervously a few feet away from Jason's building. Finally, Danny emerges -- with Flippy on a leash.

LUCY

I can't believe I got custody
without major litigation.

DANNY

Are you kidding? The last thing Kim
wanted was something alive in there.

LUCY

We're lucky she didn't stuff her
and spray her silver.

They head downtown, led by the perpetually uncool Flippy.

DANNY

How could you have been friends with Kim?

LUCY

At least I didn't marry her. (BEAT)
I always thought that underneath all Kim's
razzmatazz there was this good-hearted,
sensitive human being.

DANNY

Underneath the razzmatazz is more
razzmatazz. And what she's done to
Dad...he has a velvet smoking jacket.

LUCY

And teeny, weeny initials on his shirts.
I don't get it, Danny. Dad -- your
father -- Jason and I never went in
for deep "What is the meaning of life?"
discussions, but I knew...I thought he
loved our life.

(softly)

It only took him seven months to throw out
everything we'd done together.

She pauses and then takes Danny's hand.

Well, we did have one shining moment.
You. (BEAT) Glad to have me back?

DANNY

Yeah.

Suddenly he makes a broad, Elizabethan bow.

"Beseech you, sir, be merry. You have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss."

Lucy's eyes light up.

LUCY

The Tempest!

DANNY

Act II, scene 1, Mom.

LUCY

O, wonder! (BEAT)/
How many goodly creatures are there here!/
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

CUT TO:

82a. INT. - AUDIOLOGY LAB - DAY

Lucy, wearing giant earphones, sits at an audiometer facing
a TECHNICIAN. But she's somewhat distracted by Tom Razzano,
who is standing nearby.

With Lucy's final raising of her hand to indicate, Yes, she
heard the tone, the technician gets up and takes her results
to the far end of the lab where she consults with an
AUDIOLOGIST. Lucy turns to Razzano.

LUCY

(extremely loud)

When did you decide to become a doctor?

Razzano removes the earphones so Lucy can hear her own voice.*

(softly)

Oh. Did you always want to be a doctor? *

RAZZANO

Yeah. When I was a kid -- I was one of these ambitious slum kids, charities love -- all I ever wanted was to be a doctor. It would be the greatest thing in the world: "Oxygen!" "Sutures!" I didn't even know what sutures were, but I figured they had to be terrific. And you know what? Being a doctor is the greatest thing in the world. But it doesn't leave room for anything else.

The audiologist signals Razzano that they're finished with Lucy, and Razzano leads Lucy out the door and onward, toward the next test. *

CUT TO:

83. INT. - NEUROLOGY LAB - DAY

Wires run from Lucy's head; she is hooked up to an EEG. A NEUROLOGIST and Razzano examine the graph. *

LUCY

(to Razzano)

You spend all your time in the emergency room? *

NEUROLOGIST

Quiet!

After a moment, they remove the sensors.

(to Razzano)

Her PET scan yesterday was what we expected. *

RAZZANO

(explaining, to Lucy)

Your brain is metabolizing glucose like a human brain. So in case you were worrying that you're a baboon, you're not. *

LUCY

That's nice. (BEAT) So what do you do when you're not in the emergency room? *

The neurologist moves off and begins to enter his findings into a computer.

RAZZANO

Try to get back there fast. *

LUCY

So you never...had time to get married? *

RAZZANO

Yeah, I was married. But she left me. *

LUCY

Why?

RAZZANO

She was normal. (BEAT) Like you. She was this bright, warm-hearted girl who wanted a husband and kids and a real life, and I couldn't give it to her. *

LUCY

Why not? I mean, you don't seem emotionally defective. *

RAZZANO

I'm not. I'm normal. Well, semi-normal. See, I'd be on for three days straight, and sometimes, you know, I'd forget to call, and she couldn't take that. She'd made lasagna -- and she and the lasagna had been sitting there waiting for me for forty-eight hours. *

Razzano leans against the examining table so that he's closer to Lucy.

LUCY

Did you ever think that, Okay, maybe she wasn't confronting life and death situations, but that spending eight hours on the tomato sauce deserves some respect? *

RAZZANO

I know, I wasn't such a bargain. But if she'd screamed or thrown dishes, maybe we could have worked it out. But when I came home, the only sound I ever heard was teeth grinding. *

Razzano paces the room as he recalls the end of his marriage. Lucy slides off the examining table to stand next to him. Unfortunately, the paper covering the table sticks to her and as she walks, the entire roll of paper unwinds.

Are you ever graceful?

LUCY

No, but sometimes I go for days without a catastrophe.

Razzano peels off the paper that's stuck to her back as we

CUT TO:

83a. INT. - RADIOLOGY DEPARTMENT - DAY

Lucy lies on a table, about to be drawn into a mammoth CAT *
scanner. TECHNICIANS bustle about while Razzano stands close
by, sensing her nervousness.

LUCY

So, um, what have you done about... *
women since your divorce?

RAZZANO

You want me to draw you a picture?

LUCY

No. I mean, have you had any serious *
relationships?

RAZZANO

Yeah, one lasted three hours. (BEAT)
Look, the only thing I'm really serious
about is my work.

The CAT scanner starts to rotate and as Lucy is drawn in we *

CUT TO:

84. INT. - CARDIAC UNIT - DAY

Lucy is on a treadmill taking a stress test monitored by a
CARDIOLOGIST and Razzano. The cardiologist steps out for a
minute.

LUCY

(panting)

Practicing medicine and three-hour *
relationships is a life? Don't you
want anything more?

Razzano turns off the machine.

RAZZANO

Look, you're good-looking, you're smart,
and I guess you could be a lot of fun.
But I can't give a...a normal woman what
she'd want. Women like you need --

LUCY

Stop trying to turn me into a cliché!
I am not a sweet, long-suffering
little wifey-poo.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY (cont.)

(strongly)

Okay, maybe I'm not a neurosurgeon and I don't own a restaurant. Maybe I'm not ambitious. But I'm an interesting, intelligent woman. And capable. I can run a house and raise a family. And now that I have to...I can support myself.

Lucy puts her hands on her hips and stares squarely at Razzano.

and amuse myself. I would never spend my nights hanging out with a cold lasagna.

CUT TO:

85. INT. - ZELDA'S BOOK STORE - DAY

Zelda waits on a CUSTOMER while Lucy makes a phone call.

TELEPHONE VOICE

Happy Days Daycare. Miss Tammy speaking.

Lucy is about to give a warm, Hello, How are you, but then realizes how impossible this would be since, as far as Miss Tammy knows, she is dead.

LUCY

I was wondering if you have any job openings. I'm an accredited teacher. *

As Lucy talks to Miss Tammy, she moves about and somehow manages to get inextricably caught up in the telephone wire. *

TELEPHONE VOICE

I'm sorry, we have all the help we need.

LUCY

But I understand you...one of your employees died about a year ago. *

TELEPHONE VOICE

Wasn't that sad? She was marvelous. Absolutely indispensable. (BEAT) We replaced her a few weeks later. Thanks so much for calling. *

Lucy slowly hangs up the phone and murmurs to herself:

LUCY

My life just hasn't been the same since my death.

CUT TO:

89. INT. - ZELDA'S LIVING ROOM AND STORE - TWILIGHT

Lucy is busy hemming one of her dresses. Zelda meanwhile, leafs through "The Wisdom of Catagonia." She stops halfway through and studies a page with her brow furrowed. *

CAMERA MOVES IN over Zelda's shoulder for CLOSE-UP of the book. One page (the original Catagonian) is gibberish, but on the other is the heading "Chant for Conquering Death." CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHTER to reveal an asterisk beside the heading. Zelda's finger moves down the page and she reads the asterisked footnote half to herself, half out loud. *

ZELDA

"According to the Rules of the Cosmos, the One Brought Back must find True Love before the first full moon or..." *

She peers over to her sister. *

Um, there's this little Catagonian footnote, and I've been debating: Should I say something to Lucy... *

Lucy is more intent on her hem than on her sister's musings. *

...or just relax and have faith in the Great Powers to -- *

Just then, there is a loud rapping on the door of the shop below. WE SEE Kim through the shop window. Zelda puts down the book, leans on the balcony railing, and watches Lucy walk down into the book shop and open the door.

KIM

Lucy, I know how you must feel, seeing me here. But I had to risk pushing myself on you like this, annoying you because...Lucy, you're on the brink of terrible trouble. *

As Kim enters, Lucy is nearly blinded by the dazzle of the huge diamond stud earrings Kim is wearing.

There's a reporter from the National Enquirer sneaking around the hospital. Some doctor or lab technician must have talked. Do you understand the danger?

LUCY

Sure. There could be a headline: "Housewife Returns From Dead, Buys Mascara." There'd be panic in the streets.

Lucy takes a step closer to Kim. She can't believe the earrings are for real. They are.

LUCY (cont.)

Wow, are those gorgeous! Are they
the important diamonds Hastings died
before he could buy you? (BEAT) Jason?

*

Kim nods, a little too casually.

Birthday?

KIM

Wedding.

LUCY

What did he get you for your birthday?

KIM

The matching bracelet.

(moving along quickly)

Lucy, maybe we can't be friends
anymore, but at least we can
acknowledge the past, and still,
well, care about each other.

*

KIM (cont.)

Look, I know you think I'm terrible
for marrying Jason, but it...just
happened. We fell in love.

*

LUCY

(quoting Kim)

Love lasts six, eight months tops.

KIM

Honestly, this is different.

*

ZELDA

(bellowing down to Lucy)

Fourth time around for that line!

KIM

Lucy, what I'm trying to say is,
It's done. You died, the world
mourned you -- and then it moved on.

LUCY

Well, guess what? I'm back.

KIM

But now there's no place for you.
Of course it's painful to have to see
that, but it's true. You've got to
let go, especially now, with half the
hospital wondering why your records were
pulled. The minute word gets out...

LUCY

Is this another variation on the
Arizona theme? Kim, my life is here.

KIM

(emotionally)

But what kind of a life can you have
if this becomes public?

*

LUCY

A life with my son, my sister...my
daughter-in-law, too. I'm not going to
sit on some damn cactus and make believe
I'm not Lucy Robbins. I am. I'm staying,
and I'm making a new start.

*

Zelda stomps down the stairs and stands beside Lucy.

KIM

Lucy, the media can destroy any chance
of normality you have. And that's what's
always been so wonderful about you -- your
ordinariness. I mean that in the best
possible sense -- your realness. But you're
such an innocent, you wouldn't know --

*

ZELDA
(to Kim)
You wouldn't know a pile of dog doo
from a hot rock! *

Lucy opens the door and with a motion directs Kim to leave.

LUCY
(to Kim)
That's not fair. I'm sure you would.
(BEAT) Good-bye. Really good-bye.

CUT TO:

90. INT. - ZELDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucy is curled up under a blanket on a convertible loveseat.
Flippy is sound asleep on the floor beside her. Zelda is
pulling down the covers on her own bed.

LUCY
Zel, I don't know how to thank you.

ZELDA
I wouldn't let a dog live with that Kim.

LUCY
Not just for Flippy. Thank you for
giving me a home. But even more (BEAT)
thank you for bringing me back.

Zelda tucks Lucy in and sits on the edge of the couch.

ZELDA
What was it like?

LUCY
You mean...? I wish I could tell
you, Zel. I honestly don't remember.

ZELDA
Nothing? Not a flash of um...uh...cosmic
awareness. You know, like a vision of,
oh...true, perfect love? *

Lucy shakes her head. *

Not even a quick Out-of-body experience
before you Moved On?

LUCY
No. Sorry.

ZELDA
At least you didn't hear harps. To
know you're in for an eternity of
schmaltz...blech!

CUT TO:

LUCY

I was just taking her for a walk and thought I'd give you a report on my job hunting.

RAZZANO

Are you nuts, walking alone this late at night in this neighborhood?

LUCY

I had Flippy.

Razzano whistles and Flippy breaks loose and runs to him, covering him with enthusiastic kisses.

RAZZANO

So, what happened with the job?

LUCY

I went to the Board of Education. They say according to their records I'm dead, and as far as my old volunteer job goes, I might as well be.

(brightly)

But listen, I have a great idea. How about a day care center at Knickerbocker

Razzano starts to shake his head no.

Hospital? (BEAT) Why not?

RAZZANO

Because you're not going to get the money. Everybody's crazy about kids and day care...if it doesn't cost anything and it's someplace else.

LUCY

But if I talk to them --

RAZZANO

Look, I've sat on hospital committees where someone says, "We should have a day care center," and everybody says, "Yeah, great idea."...and then we move on fast to computerizing the Anesthesia Department's records from 1902.

Flippy lies down at Razzano's feet and turns over on her back in a "rub-my-belly" position.

What are you doing, training your dog to do cute things so I'll fall in love with

(glancing down)

her (BEAT) and then you?

LUCY

(smiling)

Are you kidding? We are monumentally mismatched. I know what you need.

(quoting imaginary personal ad)

"Divorced, workaholic doctor seeks sexy, emotionally stunted non-smoker for profoundly superficial relationship."

RAZZANO

Not profoundly. But I'm not buying rugs or making commitments. (BEAT)
The only commitment I have is to that emergency room.

Lucy walks around trying to comprehend Razzano -- and herself. Flippy, meanwhile, settles herself at Razzano's feet.

LUCY

I know. I wish it could be some other way because...It's not just that you make my toes curl...

(embarrassed)

although you do. It's that I like you.

RAZZANO

I like you, too. And if I didn't know my own shortcomings...

LUCY

I understand. Really, Tom, I admire your passion. You do great, important work. My work isn't even considered work. But still -- hearth and home -- it's my passion. (BEAT) It's funny, but with Jason, the passion turned to pleasantness.

RAZZANO

And you settled for pleasantness?

LUCY

Look, if you're reasonably pretty and you smile a lot, life can be nice. Jason asked me to marry him, and I was thrilled. It never occurred to me to ask for depth. Okay, it wasn't perfect; later on he didn't want a big family and I did. But fight for what I wanted? My marriage was so nice -- and I didn't have the courage to fight niceness.

RAZZANO

You never wanted out?

LUCY

Is lack of laughter grounds for divorce?

RAZZANO

But if you had it to do all over again --

LUCY

I do. And this time I want something better. This time I want someone who has the capacity to really love, to have fun...Someone who shares my passion for a home, family. *

RAZZANO

Lucy, I wish I was that kind of guy. *

But I can't give you what you want.

LUCY

(genuinely)

I know. And I wish you well, Tom. *

You're a wonderful man, but we both know there's no way...

Lucy walks toward him, right hand outstretched, to show her sincerity. And as she walks, she trips over Flippy -- who is lying lox-like between them -- and falls into Razzano's arms. There is a moment of awkwardness; should we laugh this off or just pull apart -- fast? They do neither. Instead, they start to kiss and we

CUT TO:

90. INT. - RAZZANO'S LOFT - NIGHT

Razzano and Lucy are in bed, curled around each other, sound asleep. The phone rings and Razzano, immediately awake and alert, grabs it.

RAZZANO

Yeah. (LONG BEAT) I'm leaving now.

He hangs up and gets out of bed.

LUCY

Something bad?

RAZZANO

Junkies were using a boarded-up tenement for a shooting gallery. The whole damn building collapsed. It's a mess.

As he gets dressed, Lucy wraps the sheet around her toga-style and goes to the refrigerator. Just as Razzano is about to go out the door, she hands him a glass of orange juice.

LUCY

I hope it goes well.

Razzano holds the glass up to the light.

RAZZANO

What are you gonna do next time? Stuff oranges in your pockets and sneak in an electric juicer under your trenchcoat?

Razzano downs the juice.

LUCY

(nodding, teasing)

And maybe a chicken so you can have fresh eggs. You have no idea of the extent of my talents.

He kisses her.

RAZZANO

Yes I do. (BEAT) Don't leave until it's light out. It's too dangerous for Flippy.

He rushes off and we

CUT TO:

91. EXT. - UPPER FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

Lucy walks with Zelda, whose attention occasionally strays to one of the ULTRA-FASHIONABLE PEDESTRIANS in this highest of high-rent districts; Zelda, in her best muumuu, clearly finds these people extremely bizarre.

LUCY

Knickerbocker Hospital will spend thirty-five million for a wing so you can get your wrinkles ironed out in style, but not twenty bucks for a throw-rug and a set of blocks.

(determinedly)

Zelda, that's not how the world should work.

CUT TO:

92. EXT. - LACEY MANSION - DAY

Lucy and Zelda stand before the eighteen-foot gates of one of the last, palatial private homes on Fifth Avenue. The mansion is an upscale version of the Frick Museum.

ZELDA

If you like grandeur, this isn't bad. Kim lived here?

LUCY

Did she ever! But just for the four months she was married to Hastings Lacey. (BEAT) This is probably the most terrible idea I've ever had.

Lucy gets up her courage and rings the bell on the gate. POV Lucy: past the gate, up an imposing flight of steps; a BUTLER opens the door.

I'm Lucy --

She stops. Hiding behind the butler, not too successfully, is Hastings Lacey, Jr. He steps out and stares, trying to comprehend the incomprehensible.

JUNIOR

(horrificed, to Lucy)

You're dead!

He forces himself to calm down; what he's thinking cannot possibly be.

Sorry. How nice of you to drop by.

(to butler)

Open the gate.

The butler complies. Lucy stands in front of Zelda at the bottom of the stairs looking up at Junior. But Junior can't bring off nonchalance. His knees start to shake, and he sits down on the top step -- and gapes. Lucy hurries up and sits beside him. Junior can barely manage a whisper.

They said...you died. I was so sorry.
You were nice. (BEAT) But this is
madness. For a minute I thought
I'd seen a...

LUCY

Oh, no. Not a ghost. I'm sorry I
scared you. I was wrong to come.

She gets up to go back to Zelda, who is still standing at the bottom of the front stairs.

And at that instant, Junior sees Zelda for the first time. He recovers. More than recovers; he is so filled with joy that he practically hurtles down the steps to be at her side. POV Zelda: Junior rushing toward her, radiant with love. POV Junior: Zelda's face is flushed and suffused with the glow of love at first sight. After a moment, the butler, who has been rather taken aback by his employer's behavior, calls out:

BUTLER

Mr. Junior, the gentlemen are waiting
for you...rather patiently.

But Junior is beyond such mundane matters. Instead, he makes a sweeping bow and bids Zelda -- and her sister -- welcome to his house.

CUT TO:

93. INT. - LACEY MANSION - DAY

The butler leads Junior, Zelda and Lucy through the main hall. It is filled with museum-quality French furniture. On the walls hang what may be one of the world's finest collections of still lifes. As the butler continues his solemn walk, Junior darts into a room, and -- like a bumbling spy -- puts his fingers to his lips and motions the women to follow.

CUT TO:

94. INT. - JUNIOR'S ART STUDIO - DAY

Lucy and Zelda are seated on heavily ormolued Louis XVI chairs; Junior is perched on an artist's stool. The magnificent domed room is otherwise bare except for Junior's work table -- which drips with tubes of oils and cans of brushes. From the high ceiling down to the floor hangs still another collection of still lifes -- awesomely inept. They show a complete lack of mastery of concepts like perspective and composition. They are on a par with the worst of seventh grade art.

ZELDA

...and it worked. She's exactly the way she was.

JUNIOR

(to Lucy)

I don't believe there's any etiquette to cover this situation, so let me just tell you how pleased I am that you've returned.

Zelda's eyes are drawn to Junior's art. *

ZELDA

These are yours?

JUNIOR

Yes. You see, when I inherited

He makes a very sweeping gesture.

I decided to devote my life to art...
Perhaps a somewhat unwise decision. *

ZELDA

No! There's such wonderful spirit
in these pictures. *

Junior beams; the lady of his heart sees beneath the surface of his work.

Okay, the stuff out in the hallway is
beautiful, but your work is true. *

ZELDA (cont.)

Okay, the stuff out in the hallway is beautiful, but your work is real.

JUNIOR

I'm just a rank amateur. Still trying to capture the essence of an apple, and botching it up rather badly.

ZELDA

Don't say that! You've got the same fruit and candlesticks as those pictures outside. But your colors are much brighter.

JUNIOR

I may be lacking a certain subtlety.

Just then, the door is yanked open; there is the butler and *
an obsequious LAWYER and an ACCOUNTANT, proffering documents.

LAWYER *

On the California shopping malls,
we'd like to double our original --

* ACCOUNTANT *

In regard to your tin mines, an outlay
of ten million would seem --

LAWYER *

Our bottom line, Mr. Lacey, is an
additional fifty million dollars.

Junior's head goes back and forth like an exhausted spectator
at a laconic tennis match; he is weary, but resigned to
dealing with these endless demands. Not Zelda.

ZELDA

Quiet!!! How can the creative spirit
flourish in this chaos?

Junior glances over at Zelda. She's brought him more than
love; she's brought him courage to resist these professional
leeches. He peers at them with the sudden realization that *
he is indeed the boss, takes a calculator from his jacket
pocket and, brow furrowed, enters in a long string of figures.
The lawyer and accountant wait expectantly.

It's time you realized; I may not be able to make it, but I sure can count it.

CUT TO:

95. INT. - LACEY MANSION DINING ROOM - DAY.

Lucy, Zelda and Junior are having lunch in a dining room the size of a basketball court. Liveried FOOTMEN wait on them.

LUCY

(to Junior)

I had a qualm or two about coming here, but you're the only millionaire I ever saw who was friendly.

JUNIOR

(agreeably)

Billionaire.

LUCY

I hope I'm not embarrassing you, talking about your money.

JUNIOR

Oh no. People are always pretending... to like me for my personality.

ZELDA

(irate)

Well, I like you for your personality! Your personality...and more.

Lucy sees she's about to lose Junior and Zelda again to lovesickness.

LUCY

I came because I need a job. And the best job I can think of is working in a day care center. And what better place for one than in a hospital, like Knickerbocker?

ZELDA

She's right. Except...her ex-husband's there. But he's so busy sculpting ears and calling his tailor that she'll never see him. And then there's that emergency room guy. The one with those terrific emanations who --

*

Lucy cuts Zelda off.

*

LUCY

This has nothing to do with men. This has to do with children. The hospital really needs a day care center.

*

JUNIOR

They don't have one? *

LUCY

No! There's no money for one. So I *
thought I'd ask you --

JUNIOR

Of course! Anything for --

He turns to Zelda. He glows at her, she glows at him, and as Lucy starts to smile at their almost palpable waves of love we

CUT TO:

96. INT. - ZELDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lucy and Razzano lie stretched out and squished together on the couch in a post-coital haze. They are an island of normality in the room.

Lucy snuggles up closer to Razzano. She is obviously completely content. She smiles as Razzano looks warily around the room.

CAMERA PANS 360 degrees. WE SEE Zelda's Magic Circle, a Pentagram of Solomon and a pyramid. One of her bookshelves bows under the weight of dozens of crystal balls. Perched around Madame Blavatsky's shoulders is a new cloak amateurishly embroidered with sun, moon, and star designs.

LUCY

(v.o. as camera surveys room)

She had her first psychic manifestation when she was thirteen, and it's been like this ever since. Astrology, numerology, palmistry, magic --

(lovingly, romantically)

Talk about magic.

Razzano has evidently enjoyed their coming together, but at this first sign of intimacy, he starts to pull away.

RAZZANO

I better get going before your sister gets back and levitates me.

Lucy, still does not realize that although Razzano has enjoyed great sex, he's not ready to savor any sweetness.

LUCY

She'll be gone for hours. She took her... gentleman to Flushing to have his natal chart drawn up.

Lucy takes his hand and kisses it tenderly. It's too much tenderness. Razzano pulls away and sits up on the couch, staring down at the floor.

RAZZANO

Lucy, I'm not the guy you want me to be. I can't...

Forget commitment; even a frank discussion is too emotionally loaded for him. He takes a deep breath and then strides over to the phone.

(as he dials)

I have a couple of idiot residents who are at each others throats.

Lucy peers at him. She's starting to get the picture.

LUCY

How long have they been fighting?

RAZZANO

All year. I just want to make sure --

Lucy sits up. She's upset.

LUCY

Do me a favor, just put down the phone for a minute.

Razzano, somewhat unwillingly, complies.

You're terrific. (BEAT) And one of the best things about you is the thing that pulls you away from me -- your work, and your devotion to it. But, Tom, there's got to be some balance --

Razzano walks back and sits on the edge of the couch.

RAZZANO

This is all the balance I can manage. I explained what I was like. I warned you.

LUCY

There's a difference between running off to save lives and making calls at nine-thirty to check on a squabble that's been going on for a year.

RAZZANO

But damn it, that's the way I am. I told you that you wouldn't be able to take my craziness, my working eighteen hours a day, seven days a week -- minimum.

Lucy takes his hands in hers and gives him a long, sad look. Razzano waits for the accustomed "I understand, Tom..." demurral. It doesn't come.

LUCY

There's a difference between running off to save lives and making calls at nine-thirty to check on a fight that's been going on for a year.

RAZZANO

Lucy, look, we both saw this coming. I warned you that you wouldn't be able to take my craziness, my working eighteen hours a day, seven days a week -- minimum. *

Lucy takes his hands in hers and gives him a long, sad look. Razzano waits for the accustomed "I understand, Tom..." demurral. It doesn't come.

LUCY

You're right. It's just not going to happen. (BEAT) I'm going to miss you...a lot.

CUT TO:

100. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER DAY CARE CENTER - DAY

The day care center is still an antiquated operating room that looks as if it's been unused for twenty years. Cartons of toys are stacked against the wall and a designer's rendering of the proposed renovations hangs above them. Lucy, too excited to wait for the workmen, sits on the floor, her back toward the door, rips open a carton, and starts to assemble a red wagon. Razzano stands in the doorway. For a minute, Lucy is so involved that she does not realize he's there.

LUCY

Oh! I thought you were the electrician.

RAZZANO

No, I'm the guy from the emergency room.

Razzano enters the room. It's evident that there's been no lessening of the love between them, but Lucy is not going to relent; she's not willing to settle for the casual relationship he has offered. Razzano sits down beside her.

Listen, we've got something great going.

He moves closer and touches her face. *

Let's work something out.

Lucy is filled with joy; he's come around. She puts her arms around him and gazes through love-misted eyes.

LUCY

No more three-hour profound relationships.
I'll meet you more than half-way, Tom. I --

Razzano stands up. *

RAZZANO

(gently)

That's not what I meant, Lucy. *

Lucy stands too, and gives him a long look. She's beginning *
to comprehend.

The two of us -- we're really
fantastic together. Why not just...
relax, enjoy it?

LUCY

That's not what I want. *

RAZZANO

It's part of what you want. *

He takes her hand. *

I wish I could give you everything. *

You know I do. But I can't.

LUCY

But this time I want everything. *

(BEAT) All along, we knew it was
impossible, but still...I wish we
could have made it work.

RAZZANO

You know what gets me? You're saying
no to something we both want so much. *

He understands, though. *

Wouldn't it have been great if -- *

Just then they are interrupted by a noise: the click of high-
heeled shoes. And there, in the doorway, is none other but
Regina Holt. Lucy's back is toward her. Razzano stands.
Regina gazes at him, a bit imperiously.

REGINA

I am Regina Holt. They told me I
could find you here.

Imperiousness doesn't faze Razzano, so Regina tries charm.

I'm Bill Holt's wife. Well, the
entire hospital is absolutely seething
about some sort of investigation into
Lucy Robbins's death and --

The doctor looks uncomfortable. Regina's eyes shift downward for an instant to the woman with him, and then Regina gasps.

Oh my dear!

It takes a moment, but Regina becomes herself again.

You must forgive me. I have to
call Liz Smith,

In a most dramatic gesture, she clasps her hands to her heart.

and give her the scoop of the century!

CUT TO:

PHINEAS

Gentlemen, gentlemen! (BEAT)
And ladies, please. I assure you,
we are as astounded as anyone else.
Now, you've heard exhaustive reports
from our doctors. And you are free
to examine the results of our tests.

He indicates a towering pile of medical data.

And Mrs...uh, um, Ms. Robbins has
been exceedingly forthcoming. So,
after another question or two, I
believe we can, in the parlance
of the press, wrap it up.

JOURNALIST ONE

(to Lucy)

People are going to be very
disappointed that you don't
remember anything.

Lucy takes the microphone from the stand and walks about the
platform trying to appear casual; she's not terribly
successful.

LUCY

I'm disappointed, too. I wish I could
remember a long corridor with Grandma
Rosie at the end, holding out her hand,
saying: "Finally, I can teach you
how to crochet."

JOURNALIST TWO

Do you have anything to say to the
billions of people around the world?

Lucy continues her laid-back stroll around the platform -- and
falls off the edge. She picks herself up, climbs back up on
the stage, and answers:

LUCY

Hello again.

JOURNALIST THREE

(to Zelda)

You mentioned before about the
requirements for bringing somebody
back. It seems so complicated.

ZELDA

Transcending death can be a little tricky.

JOURNALIST THREE

Aside from the isosceles triangle
with the Dog Star and all that, let's

(CONTINUED)

JOURNALIST THREE (cont.)

get to purity of spirit. Are you trying to tell us your feelings about your sister were always absolutely pure? What about sibling rivalry? *

ZELDA

Well, when we were kids (BEAT) she had the canopy bed. *

LUCY

(tenderly, to Zelda)

You never told me it bothered you.

ZELDA

(to journalist)

But in The Wisdom of Catagonia there's a chant for expelling rotten emotions.

JOURNALIST FOUR

Did it work?

ZELDA

Does she look like a chopped liver sculpture?

The press conference is over. Zelda jumps off the stage and rushes into Junior's eager arms. A segment of the press pursues her. *

PRESS

Can anyone do this or do you have to have special powers?/Would you call yourself a witch?/You honestly believe all this stuff? *

Zelda ignores them and looks about, seeking Lucy. She sees her being escorted off the platform by Razzano. Zelda points to the door, Lucy gives her a "go ahead" signal and Zelda grabs Junior's hand and races toward the door, managing to evade the reporters. Lucy is not so lucky. They move in on her, and only Razzano keeps them from engulfing her. *

Did you realize you were dying?/When you "came out" in the cemetery, what was your first thought?/Before you died, did you believe in -- *

Jason and Kim push their way through the chaos toward Lucy. They're so eager to get to her -- to get in on her glory -- that they elbow even the most persistent journalists aside. They speak softly to Lucy, but their smiles and warm attitude are convincing enough to make it appear to the reporters that they're still part of one big, happy family. *

JASON

We're here for you, Lucy. Whatever you need... *

Jason and Kim push their way through the chaos toward Lucy. They're so eager to get to her -- to get in on her glory -- that they elbow even the most persistent journalists aside. They greet Lucy as if they're part of one big, happy family.

JASON

We're here for you, Lucy.

He turns to the reporters in his most sincere manner. *

Naturally, I've been following Lucy's case. If you'd like, I could help you with some medical observations... *

As a group of reporters surrounds a most cooperative Jason, Lucy and Razzano exchange a fast, knowing glance. Kim puts her hand on Lucy's shoulder in a gesture of undying camaraderie the photographers can't miss; when she speaks to Lucy, she is at her peak of warmth and sincerity.

KIM

Lucy, what can I do to help? Look, no I-told-you-so's. I want to help. (BEAT) This is meant from the heart. For old times' sake. *

Razzano takes charge. He eases Lucy out of Jason and Kim's clutches and toward the door. But he has less success in getting her away from the press. They are relentless; they start to surround Lucy.

PRESS

Lucy, do you think you and your hubby and his new wife will ever.../Smile! Over here!/Lucy, Lucy, give me an ethereal look./What about charges this is the biggest hoax since the Howard Hughes...

The army of journalists keeps up its attack. Suddenly, Lucy finds herself separated from Razzano. The journalists press against her, cornering her. POV Lucy: a horrible assault by an army using cameras, microphones, pads and pencils as weapons. Desperately, she tries to see over the crowd, and locate Tom Razzano, but she can't.

You got a boyfriend, Lu?/Have you sold the rights to your life.../We've heard your sister's been offered...

Suddenly, there's Razzano, and he's barrelling through the crowd. He grabs Lucy in a maneuver he learned in the Army -- and not from romantic movies -- throws her over his shoulder and makes a desperate, successful run for the door.

CUT TO:

102. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER GARAGE - DAY

Razzano signals his appreciation to the ambulance driver, then opens the back of an ambulance, and helps Lucy inside.

LUCY

Listen, you may not be so terrific in the commitment department, but you're a genius at emergencies. Thanks. *

Razzano grins, then backs off and slams shut the door. Lucy's POV: Razzano getting smaller and smaller as the ambulance, its siren screaming, pulls out of the garage and speeds down the street.

CUT TO:

103. EXT. - ZELDA'S BOOK STORE - DAY

Lucy emerges from the ambulance. More assertive now, she pushes her way through another raucous crowd of JOURNALISTS. But she can't get by the waves of adoring OCCULTISTS, all trying to get a glimpse of her. They are a group so out of touch with reality they appear seconds away from mass levitation.

MAN ONE

Was there a white light?

WOMAN ONE

A warm golden glow?

MAN TWO

A peace beyond all understanding?

WOMAN TWO

Did you meet any guys?

CUT TO:

104. INT. - ZELDA'S BOOKSTORE - DAY

Lucy is exhausted. Just as she opens the door to enter the bookstore, she is almost trampled by SEVERAL TERRIFIED PEOPLE bolting out. Zelda is not there, but someone else is: a be-Guccied TOUGH GUY, who pulls Lucy inside, locks the door and leans against it. He's no Mr. Softie; despite his current exalted position in the Mob, he obviously began his career wielding a baseball bat -- on kneecaps.

LUCY

(terrified)

Where's my sister?

TOUGH GUY

Which one are you? The one who got brung back or the one who brought?

LUCY

The one who got brung.

TOUGH GUY

I wanna find your sister. I got a business proposition for her.

LUCY

Who were all those people? The ones who looked so frightened?

TOUGH GUY

They had business propositions, too, but mine was better so I sent them away. Listen, I got someone I gotta bring back...fast.

LUCY

Someone you loved very --

TOUGH GUY

An associate who had an unfortunate accident. (BEAT) He ran into a bullet. Right before, he told me where some mementos I was interested in was stashed, but they wasn't where he said. So your sister's gonna bring him back for me. I'm not like those crazies who were up here, wanting to bring back Aunt Ida or their beloved cat Fluff. I can pay big.

The tough guy takes out a wad of cash that weighs thirty-five pounds. Lucy shakes her head no.

LUCY

You have to love him -- purely.

TOUGH GUY

Love him? Nobody could love Seymour the scum-bucket.

*

LUCY

But if you want him back, you'd have to learn to love him -- utter love.

Gently, she guides him to the door, opens it, and eases him outside while he's preoccupied with this new concept.

TOUGH GUY

Utter?

Lucy, utterly drained, locks the door. But she's not alone; the omnipresent CROWD presses its collective nose against the window, staring in at Lucy. She turns her back on them and WE SEE something new in her face: determination.

CUT TO:

LUCY
The one who got brung.

TOUGH GUY
I wanna find your sister. I got a
business proposition for her.

LUCY
Who were all those people? The ones
who looked so frightened?

TOUGH GUY
They had business propositions, too, but
mine was better so I sent them away. Listen,
I got someone I gotta bring back...fast.

LUCY
Someone you loved very --

TOUGH GUY
An associate who had an unfortunate
accident. (BEAT) He ran into a bullet.
Right before, he told me where some
mementos I was interested in was stashed,
but they wasn't where he said. So your
sister's gonna bring him back for me.
I'm not like those crazies who were up
here, wanting to bring back Aunt Ida or
their beloved cat Fluff. I can pay big.

The tough guy takes out a wad of cash that weighs thirty-five
pounds. Lucy shakes her head no.

LUCY
You have to love him -- purely.

TOUGH GUY
Love him? Nobody could love
Seymour the scum-bucket.

*

LUCY
But if you want him back, you'd have
to learn to love him -- utter love.

Gently, she guides him to the door, opens it, and eases him
outside while he's preoccupied with this new concept.

TOUGH GUY
Utter?

Lucy, utterly drained, locks the door. But she's not alone;
the omnipresent CROWD presses its collective nose against the
window, staring in at Lucy. She turns her back on them and WE
SEE something new in her face: determination.

CUT TO:

105. INT. - ZELDA'S BOOK STORE - DAY

Zelda appears to be waiting on a very tough customer -- one *
of those hard-edged, aggressively cheap New York women in a
tank top, mini-skirt and high-heeled boots. CAMERA TRACKS
around customer and WE SEE it's Lucy, now bent over, searching
through a carton marked Halloween -- 60% Off. She discards a
sequined turban and a g-string, tries on a pair of buck teeth
and shakes her head; they're far too frivolous. Finally she
comes up with a prize -- a wig of long red hair.

Zelda walks determinedly to the door while the bewigged Lucy
gets down and scuttles along right behind Zelda so she won't
be seen through the store window by the ever-present CROWD.
Zelda pulls open the door; the crowd's excitement grows. She
gestures wildly to attract attention and shouts to be heard.

ZELDA

I'll make you a deal. One newspaper
person, one television person...

The buzz among the journalists grows and as it does, Lucy,
on her hands and knees, crawls out and into the crowd.

...All right, all right, with a
camera man and someone from...

REVERSE SHOT to crowd. WE SEE Lucy's red-wigged head appear
as she stands. She's one of several tough customers (female *
division) in this mob scene and so melds in with the crowd.

...one of the radio stations.

Lucy gradually edges back but behaves as part of the crowd,
leaping up as if trying to get a peek into the book store.

JOURNALIST ONE

Is Lucy in there? *

Zelda shrugs noncommittally. *

JOURNALIST TWO

Has there been...any change in her? *

The crowd -- including Lucy -- demands Lucy. *

CROWD

Lucy! Lucy!

And as Lucy inches backward toward freedom, we

CUT TO:

106. EXT. - KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - DAY

Lucy, in her wig, walks through the CROWD assembled in front
of the hospital. Her disguise is working. She moves

(CONTINUED)

through the crowd, held up only by a whispered -- and obviously lewd -- suggestion. Safe behind her disguise, she responds:

LUCY
(a la Mae West)
Maybe tomorrow, hot stuff.

She moves on quickly. Triumphant at having made it, she pulls open the hospital door...only to see another CROWD OF MEDICAL PERSONNEL waiting eagerly for Lucy's arrival.

CUT TO:

107. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER CORRIDOR - DAY

Lucy is determined to get to work. She appears to be pulling off her act as she sails into the hospital. But suddenly, * she feels something going wrong, and indeed, it has; her wig has gotten caught in the closing doors. She puts up a gallant fight to keep it on her head, but it's too late. As the large doors close on the long red hair, the crowd rushes toward her.

CUT TO:

108. INT. - RAZZANO'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucy, slightly out of breath, leans against Razzano's desk. * Outside his office, SECURITY GUARDS attempt to push REPORTERS out of the emergency room. They're not too successful.

LUCY
This was the closest, safest place
to the front door I could think of.

Razzano gives her a thorough once-over.

RAZZANO
This look has real possibilities.

LUCY
No one knew I was Lucy Robbins.
They thought I was a sociopathic
prostitute.

Razzano helps her put a white doctor's coat over her mini- * skirt. As he does this they inevitably touch -- and the touch takes an instant too long. They immediately try to deny the moment with a show of intense joviality.

Hey, you know what? You're a *
real friend. Thanks.

RAZZANO
I'd do anything for a whacked-out *
hooker.
(sincerely)
And for you, pal. How's it going?

They're on safer ground now, and Razzano is, indeed, a *
friend. He pours her a cup of coffee as she opens up to him.

LUCY

I'm not sure. I feel like an over- *
stimulated child. I just want to
find a safe corner and go suck my
thumb. (BEAT) Tom, when are they
going to leave me alone?

RAZZANO

They're not. Lucy, what's happened
to you is what everybody wants.
You're It, the ultimate do-over.
You're hope to them -- and nobody
wants to let hope get away.

Lucy looks out at the chaotic crowd, takes a deep breath and *
squares her shoulders.

LUCY

Maybe I'm It, but I'm It with a
job -- and I'm going to get past
them and up to that day care center
if it takes me all day.

He moves to escort her; Lucy shakes her head. *

I have to do it myself. *

RAZZANO

Come on. How am I gonna show you
what a big, tough guy I am? *

LUCY

I know how tough you are. Now watch
and see what a big, tough guy I am. *

With that, she opens the door of his office and bravely
begins to push her way through the relentless crowd. *

CUT TO:

109. INT. - JASON ROBBINS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

On a t.v. screen, a fast MONTAGE of the commercialization of
Lucy. In rapid succession WE SEE, coming off assembly lines,
Lucy and Zelda dolls, "Hello Again" t-shirts, Lucy coffee
mugs, Zelda-shaped candles, 45 rpm records with the title
"Hello Again", and the paperback edition of "The Wisdom of
Catagonia" with a photo of the sisters on the cover.

CAMERA PULLS BACK and WE SEE Kim and Jason are watching t.v.
from their bed. Jason holds the remote control as if it *
were some holy relic. Kim is furious and tries to take it
from him, but Jason restrains her hand without even looking at
her. He is absolutely riveted by the extent of Lucy's
celebrity.

So Kim unsheathes her most powerful weapon -- her sexuality.
She starts a teasing game with Jason, and sure enough, his
interest in the t.v. flags while his ardor for Kim does the
opposite. Kim, realizing her triumph, takes the control from
Jason's hand and tosses it aside. But in doing so, she
switches the t.v. to another channel.

Kim has obviously hit the Public Broadcasting button. A *
panel is analyzing -- in slow motion replay -- Lucy's fall
from the platform at her press conference. Jason is lying
back and enjoying not only Kim's ministrations -- but Lucy's
klutziness.

T.V. PANEL MODERATOR (V.O.)

So what you're saying, Professor
Morvillo, is that this apparent
accident of Lucy Robbins' ultimately
transcends itself and, in essence,
resonates --

*

Kim's POV: Jason's fond smile -- and his eyes on the t.v.

*

JASON

(warmly, amused)

Typical Lucy. What a klutz!

*

CAMERA PULLS BACK and WE SEE an absolutely furious Kim.

*

CUT TO:

110. INT. - ZELDA'S BOOK STORE - DAY

LOW SHOT, CLOSE ON of a cascade of telegrams and mailgrams
pouring out of a sack onto the floor. CAMERA PULLS BACK to
reveal floor strewn with dozens more unopened sacks. Then WE
SEE a pair of feet stepping gingerly between the sacks. The
feet complete the journey successfully, only to trip over
themselves. Down plops Lucy.

CAMERA MOVES BACK to reveal Zelda sitting on the floor, not
far away. She stares at what Western Union has brought. Lucy
shifts over to sit beside her sister. She picks up a few of
the thousands of telegrams from all over the world and
announces where they're from.

LUCY

Sumatra. U.S.S.R. Argentina. Egypt.
Finland. England, England, England --
There'll always be an England.
Czechoslovakia. Japan. Malta.
Mexico. Um...Djibouti.

ZELDA

You're making that up.

Lucy shows Zelda the telegram. WE SEE it's addressed to Miss Zelda, New York. Zelda opens it and skims the letter. Then she clutches it to her chest and beams.

It's a wonderful country. (BEAT)
They think we're beautiful in Djibouti.

LUCY

Someone thinks you're beautiful
in New York.

ZELDA

(all aglow)

Lucy, I wish for you what I've found!
True love. You have no idea how
important it is. (BEAT) You know,
the night that Dr. Razzano was here
I knew, I was positive --

*

Lucy shakes her head.

But your aura! It was all pink and
gold. It's a definite sign, Lucy, and
his was all blue and gold and --

Lucy stands and pulls her sister up.

LUCY

(sadly)

Zelda, it's just not going to be.

ZELDA

(too intensely)

But true love is...it's vital, Lucy.

*

LUCY

I know. And I'm so glad you found it.
You deserve it. (BEAT) Are you packed?

Zelda sighs, then throws a palmistry chart into an overflowing tote bag.

ZELDA

I feel like a real louse, leaving you,
but I can't open the book store.
I can't even open the door.

LUCY

You're doing the right thing,
going to Junior's.

ZELDA

We'll be living in separate wings.
I wouldn't want you to think...

Lucy merely smiles and hugs her sister.

Come with me. His house is a fortress.
Nobody can get past the gates.

LUCY

I can't live in a fortress. I want to
go to the movies. I want to go to
B. Altman's White Sale. (BEAT) I want --

ZELDA

-- to find your own true love!

LUCY

to walk down the street with
(BEAT) someone --

ZELDA

Dr. Razzano!

LUCY

(shaking her head)
-- with someone, someday, and live
happily ever..well, live happily.

*

CUT TO:

111. EXT. - "FELICITY" - DAY

Again, there are mobs of JOURNALISTS being kept -- barely --
under control by TWO POLICE OFFICERS. It's like wading
through quicksand; Lucy tries to make progress toward the
door, but she's continually swamped.

JOURNALISTS

Did you hear the cemetery's charging a
\$20 admission to see.../If there's a
mini-series, who do you most want to
play.../There are rumors of a major
expose.../What's the best part about
being famous?

Lucy finally reaches the first POLICEMAN. The cop gapes at her and she realizes how overwhelmed he is by her presence. *

LUCY
(imploringly)
Please, can't you help me? *

Suddenly, the policeman snaps shut his mouth, squares his shoulders, and in a blaze of once-in-a-lifetime authority, plows through the crowd, with Lucy at his side.

CUT TO:

112. INT. - "FELICITY" DINING ROOM - DAY

That the joint is jumping is understatement. DINERS shout, WAITERS can barely move through the electrified throng, and the MAITRE D' is half-way through a fifth of Absolut. Lucy enters and the horrible noise stops. She walks through the restaurant accompanied by silence until, moving between two rather closely-placed tables, she manages to take both tablecloths -- and place settings -- along with her.

CUT TO:

113. INT. - "FELICITY" KITCHEN - DAY

Lucy enters the kitchen and discovers Felicity and Danny comforting each other. Lucy rushes over.

LUCY
Something's wrong!

They answer with false gaiety.

DANNY
No!

FELICITY
We're just fine!

LUCY
Don't lie to a mother!

DANNY
Our regulars keep cancelling. (BEAT)
They can't take the craziness --

FELICITY
All these people waving cigars and
money. They're not here for the food.

(CONTINUED)

Lucy finally reaches the first POLICEMAN. The cop gapes at her and she realizes how overwhelmed he is by her presence. *

LUCY
(imploringly)
Please, can't you help me? *

Suddenly, the policeman snaps shut his mouth, squares his shoulders, and in a blaze of once-in-a-lifetime authority, plows through the crowd, with Lucy at his side.

CUT TO:

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No!

FELICITY
We're just fine!

LUCY
Don't lie to a mother!

DANNY
Our regulars keep cancelling. (BEAT)
They can't take the craziness --

FELICITY
All these people waving cigars and money. They're not here for the food.

(CONTINUED)

FELICITY (cont.)

We could charge a hundred dollars for
a cup of consomme and they'd pay it.
Anything to see you.

Through the large round windows in the kitchen door WE SEE
Jason and Kim being seated at a choice banquette.

DANNY

Mom, it isn't just what's happening
to the restaurant.

FELICITY

We're so worried about you. What's
happening to your life?

LUCY

It's been turned upside down. But
I've got to fight to be normal. And
I've got to figure out a way to end
all this craziness. *

The three of them are interrupted as Jason walks through the
kitchen door.

JASON

Hi, Danny. Kim and I --

Then Jason spots Lucy. He takes her aside. *

Lucy, it's really good to see you. *

He glances over at Danny and smiles. *

Isn't it wonderful what's happened
with Danny? *

LUCY

We did a good job, Jason.

Jason suddenly seems downcast. *

What's wrong?

POV Lucy: through glass window WE SEE an irritated Kim
lighting a cigarette, signalling for a drink, but mostly,
looking toward the kitchen, waiting for Jason. Jason starts
to walk Lucy toward a far away nook in the kitchen.

JASON

I don't know. (BEAT) I'm tired.

LUCY

Well, life in the fast lane
can wear a guy out.

Jason leans against a giant Mixmaster.

JASON

I've been thinking about you a lot.
Do you know why?

*

LUCY

Because I'm on CBS, NBC, ABC

Jason gives her a "How can you suggest such a thing?" look.

PBS, CNN --

JASON

Lucy, come on. You're too loving
for that. I just wanted to reach
out for you.

*

LUCY

(smiling)

You know, for a while I would have
gotten sublime satisfaction from
punching you in the snoot. But I
just don't care enough anymore.

*

JASON

You do care. For nineteen years you
cared. You're the one who said it:
I'm your life. (BEAT) I keep thinking
back to what we had -- and to what I
have now. Lucy, I have begun...to...
question Kim's values.

LUCY

Come up with any answers?

JASON

Lucy, I want you.

LUCY

Jason, you had me.

JASON

What about giving it another try?

*

LUCY

Jason, I don't want someone who puts
off foreplay until he can find a padded
hanger for his cashmere blazer.

She holds his face in her hands tenderly.

If all the reporters disappeared, and
I was left holding my needlepoint,
would you really want me?

JASON

(with genuine charm)

I think...I would. *

CAMERA PULLS BACK and WE SEE that Kim is now in the kitchen
-- and is witnessing this tender scene. She can't hear the
words, but she certainly has seen the gleam of interest in
Jason's eye. Kim's POV: Lucy, still holding Jason's face,
reaches up and gives him a kiss.

LUCY

Well, at least now I remember why
I used to love you. *

CUT TO:

114. OMIT

115. INT. - ZELDA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY *

It's Sunday morning and Lucy's low; she wants to do something,
but there doesn't seem anything to do. She walks past Zelda's
book shelves, but there is nothing even remotely readable.
She wanders over to the phone, dials a number, and gets an
answering machine.

DANNY'S VOICE

This is Danny and Felicity. *
We're not answering the phone
right now because we're making
(BEAT) Sunday brunch.

Felicity giggles in the background. *

If you'd like to leave a message... *

Lucy hangs up and dials another number. *

LACEY'S BUTLER'S VOICE

Lacey residence. *

LUCY

Hello, this is Lucy Robbins. Is my
sister Zelda there, please? *

LACEY'S BUTLER'S VOICE

Miss Zelda and Mr. Junior have gone
for a tarot reading. They're not
expected until quite late. If you
care to leave a message...

*

LUCY

Thanks. I'll call tomorrow.

*

She puts down the phone, goes to the window and looks out onto
the gray, rainy morning. Lucy's POV: the rain splashes onto
the umbrellas of the mobs of reporters and Lucyphiles holding
their vigil outside.

CUT TO:

116. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER DAY CARE CENTER - DAY

The day care center is strangely quiet. There is only one *
LITTLE GIRL there, and Lucy is helping her with a game of
Twister. Just then, Razzano enters. Lucy's face lights up
when she sees him, but then she forces herself to be casual.

LUCY

Hi.

RAZZANO

Where are your eighty thousand kids? *

LUCY

All of the parents except hers *
pulled them out. They were afraid
the children would be scared by the
crowds, the reporters...I can't say
I blame them.

CAMERA PULLS BACK. A REPORTER sneaks out onto the *
observation gallery behind Lucy and Razzano. He switches on
his recorder.

How's it going downstairs? *

RAZZANO

It's really getting rough.

Lucy nods sympathetically while she rearranges the little girl
on the Twister mat. She's about to offer some comforting
words to Razzano when suddenly a shadow falls over them. It's
Phineas McCorkle, who is glaring at Razzano.

PHINEAS

Doctor Razzano, they told me
you might be here.

(clears throat)

As President of the Board of Trustees of
Knickerbocker Hospital, I must inform you
that your presence in the emergency room is
such a magnet to the press that it's causing
complete upheaval. Doctor, you cannot
practice proper medicine that way.

The reporter checks his recorder to make sure it's working. *

RAZZANO

That's what I've been trying to tell
you guys. It's not just a question
of more security guards. It means
rethinking your entire --

PHINEAS

We request you take indefinite leave
from the hospital.

Razzano is stunned. He shakes his head no.

I'm afraid you have no choice...Your
leave starts today.

Razzano leans against the wall. He's absolutely devastated.
Lucy comes up to him and takes hold of his hand.

RAZZANO

(calling after Phineas)

This is an absolute crock! Come on,
we can figure out a way to handle --

Phineas exits. Lucy turns to Razzano. She is furious. *

LUCY

This is insane! It's taking over our
lives. I've got to do something. *

Just then, the reporter grabs his recorder and reveals
himself to Lucy and Razzano. *

REPORTER

Like what? Come on, one quote. *

Getting nowhere with Lucy, he turns to Razzano. *

Any comment? *

Razzano looks so furious the reporter scurries backward, but
as he does, calls out to Lucy: *

Any comment? Any reaction to
Kim Lacey Robbins

Lucy peers at him. *

calling a press conference this afternoon?

Lucy's reaction is clear: complete surprise.

Have you heard what she's planning to say?
Are you going to accept her invitation?

Lucy looks at him blankly.

To be there...to prove you're not a fraud.

CUT TO:

117. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The pandemonium makes the previous news conference seem placid in comparison. The PRESS is beside itself. Kim stands alone behind the podium in a stylish and very alluring dress.

CAMERA PANS ROOM. Lucy, Zelda, Junior, Felicity and Danny are in the first row, along with the Holts and their entourage. Jason is off to the side, looking mortified -- and helpless. And in the back of the room, leaning against a wall, is a curious and concerned Razzano. Throughout the scene, WE OBSERVE our friends' reactions to Kim's revelations.

KIM

First, thank you all for coming.
I know I've been, well, somewhat
mysterious. But in a sense, that's
why we're here: to unravel a mystery.

ZELDA

(very, very loud)

Step on it, Strumpet.

KIM

I intend to show you precisely how
Lucy Robbins perpetrated her lie.

WIDE SHOT of entire room staring at Kim in disbelief.

Lucy Robbins connived with her sister,
Zelda -- yes, the one who just
introduced herself. Zelda, the
self-styled occultist who wanted
the world to believe so much that she
aided and abetted Lucy with her
"death" and "return."

JUNIOR

(to Zelda, a little
too resonant)

She is still one cheap trick!

Kim loses her composure, but only for a second. When she resumes, she's cool, commanding and persuasive.

KIM

Where was Lucy Robbins for the year
of her "death"? Dead? Please. She
spent that year at her sister's.

REPORTER ONE

Why should we believe you?

KIM

Because I make sense! Who would ever
see Lucy tucked away in a tenement over a
book store that's patronized by -- what?
Twenty or thirty deranged people.

Regina reaches over and pats Lucy's hand, a gesture not
unnoticed by Kim.

(CONTINUED)

KIM (cont.)

And why did Lucy Robbins do what she did?
Because she realized she was obsolete.
She confided to me, before her so-called
death, that her husband

She smiles at Jason. *

my husband now, my Jason
(enumerating on fingers) *
wanted more of a life, more of a
career, and frankly, more of a wife.

Lucy's face blazes with anger. She stands and stares at
Kim's three raised fingers. *

LUCY

Boy, did he strike out! Let me
tell you something, Kim... *

She stops for a second to get control of her anger -- and
the situation. *

No. I'll tell you something later. *
Go ahead. Finish. (BEAT) And then
it's going to be my turn.

Lucy sits down. Jason glances at the audience; Lucy clearly *
has her loyal followers, but some of the people have gotten
swept up in Kim's tale. He inches toward the podium as the
press conference continues.

REPORTER TWO

You obviously see Lucy as a rival.
You're jealous.

KIM

No. I'm a feminist. I abhor any
situation that sets woman against
woman. (BEAT) But the issue here
is truth. Lucy Robbins conceived a
desperate plan to keep her husband.
But it wasn't just a case of a woman
trying to hold on to a man who no
longer wanted her. No, in her own
way, Lucy Robbins was brilliantly
creative. And so she made up a myth --
and cast herself in the role of the
goddess who dies and comes back to life.
She was good. We all fell for it.

CAMERA PANS to Razzano. He shakes his head in disbelief.
CAMERA PANS TO Jason. He's beaming at Kim -- while managing
to keep an eye on the increasingly captivated press.

KIM (cont.)

And how did she fake her so-called death? She was a doctor's wife, had access to the latest medical research, to medicines that could lower her respiratory rate, slow down her heartbeat -- so even a trained physician could be fooled.

REPORTER THREE

There's no medicine like that.

KIM

There is. Tetrodotoxin. I'm sure some of you have heard of it, the so-called voodoo medicine. It lowers a person's metabolic rate so significantly that they appear dead.

Slowly, the Holts and company lean away from Lucy and toward Kim -- like flowers following the sun.

And is it really such a leap of the imagination to picture Lucy bribing a funeral director to bury an empty coffin? We've all been had!

The Holts slide out of their seats and edge toward Kim. Lucy's companions are outraged. But Lucy's eyes stare straight ahead, blazing at Kim.

Can't you see her paying off some paper-pusher in the hospital's Medical Records Office to slip in some phoney lab reports? *

The seats around Lucy are empty, except for her brave crew. CAMERA PANS to an outraged Razzano. CAMERA PANS to Kim.

Well, Lucy? I asked you here. Do you have a defense? We won't accept "Trust me. I'm sweet and bake apple crumb cake." We want proof this time.

Danny gives Lucy a kiss. Zelda gives her back an encouraging slap. As Lucy goes up to the podium, WE HEAR a few soft hisses and boos. Jason puts his arm around Kim and gives her a congratulatory kiss.

LUCY

Everybody, please, just give me a minute. That's all I ask.

Everyone is silent, waiting. POV, LUCY: Eyes. Reporters, cameras, all on her. She tries to stare them down, but she cannot. The lights flash, the microphones poke out to her. She looks at Zelda, at Danny and Felicity -- and finally -- to Tom Razzano. And then she makes her decision.

I have nothing to say.

The press and the audience gasp. Lucy leaves the podium, and as she makes her way toward the back of the room to Razzano, WE HEAR the audience trying to absorb what it has learned.

PRESS/AUDIENCE

I told you she was a fake.../I don't believe it. Razzano saw her, her husband saw her. She was dead.../Kim didn't prove anything.../You owe me a hundred bucks...

Lucy comes up to Razzano and gives him a relieved smile.

LUCY

Hey, we're free!

For the first time she notices his expression.

What's wrong?

RAZZANO

Are you crazy?

LUCY

Come on, Tom, I did this for you. For
Danny, my sister (BEAT) and for us.
To give us some peace.

RAZZANO

Peace? You've screwed up my life!

LUCY

Don't be ridiculous! I've gotten the
press off your back.

RAZZANO

(fuming)

You've gotten the hospital administration
to think I'm an incompetent!

Lucy suddenly realizes her plan has failed. *

LUCY

I thought it would help. Oh Tom, I
thought you'd thank me. *

At that moment, Phineas McCorkle passes by -- and glares at
Razzano. Lucy tries to laugh it off, but Razzano doesn't.
Just before he turns his back on her and walks off he says:

RAZZANO

(coldly)

Thank you.

CUT TO:

118. INT. - LACEY MANSION - TWILIGHT

The butler serves Junior and Lucy martinis and Zelda her
malted.

JUNIOR

How could you let that shameless vixen
get away with it?

ZELDA

Yeah, how? I didn't come out of this
smelling like a petunia, Petunia.

LUCY

I know, and I'm sorry. But look at our lives. Zel, we can't even go out for a normal walk. Danny and Felicity...that beautiful restaurant's been turned into a zoo!

She gets up and looks out the window to bustling Fifth Avenue.

I want to be a part of all that. So
I had to stop being famous. That's why
I let Kim get away with it. (BEAT) I
wanted privacy. I wanted a life with Tom.

*

CUT TO:

BRIEF MONTAGE: Lucy expected peace. The press no longer dogs her, but there is nothing serene about her life.

119. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER DAY CARE CENTER - DAY

Lucy is straightening up the playroom when Phineas McCorkle enters and points "Out!".

DISSOLVE TO:

120. Lucy walks down Fifth Avenue. She should be enjoying her privacy, her freedom to window shop. Instead, she notices PASSERSBY walking in the street to avoid her. A MOTHER pulls her CHILD to her protectively and gives Lucy a fierce look. Lucy lifts up her chin and bravely walks onward -- right into a street vendor, sending his stock of tiny wind-up ducks quacking all over Fifth Avenue. Sadly, Lucy lifts one up and offers it to the child. But the child, picking up the cue from its mother, gives Lucy a vehement shake of the head.

DISSOLVE TO:

121. Lucy is at the check-out in the supermarket. The CASHIER rings up her order with hostile pokes at the register.

LUCY

No matter where I was for the last year, vanilla yogurt did not go up to \$6.95 a half-pint.

DISSOLVE TO:

122. Zelda's store is absolutely empty. CAMERA TRACKS OUTSIDE and WE SEE the store's window. Someone has spray-painted a huge "FAKE" on it. Zelda and Junior are sadly taping up a sign over the existing Going Out of Business one. The new sign says CLOSED.

Lucy approaches with her groceries. She's been brave up to now, but as she looks at the window, she can no longer help it; she begins to cry.

MONTAGE ENDS

CUT TO:

123. INT. - "FELICITY" - DAY

Lucy, Danny, Felicity, Zelda and Junior sit in the empty restaurant. Lucy takes out an envelope from her handbag. It is addressed to her in beautiful calligraphic script. She opens it and reads it aloud.

LUCY

"The Trustees of Knickerbocker Hospital hereby inform you that your invitation to the gala opening of the Plastic Surgery Clinic has been rescinded. We cordially urge you not to attend." A disinvitation. (BEAT) I thought if people lost interest, I could have a normal life. But instead, I've become the worst person in the world and I've hurt all the people I care about. *

(broken-hearted)

Tom won't talk to me, won't answer my phone calls. He may lose his job. They say he's incompetent -- he didn't recognize a fraud.

(angrily)

Damn it, this is some crummy life! *

ZELDA

Lucy, what are you going to do?

Lucy pauses for a long moment, then starts to smile.

LUCY

Something big.

As Lucy and her co-conspirators put their heads together, we *

CUT TO:

124. INT. - NEW PLASTIC SURGERY WING - NIGHT *

The lobby of the new wing, a beautiful tree-filled atrium, shimmers with lights. Even the far "wall," the old facade of the hospital seems to glow. WAITERS and BARTENDERS tend to the formally clad GUESTS, including Danny and Felicity, Phineas McCorkle, and the Holts. Several REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS cover the event.

CAMERA PANS to Jason. He's the man of the hour, and is receiving congratulations, as is Kim, who joins him. But then Jason goes rigid.

From Jason's POV, WE SEE Lucy and Zelda enter. A gasp passes through the crowd; Zelda ostentatiously ignores it. Lucy * simply makes her way up to a waiter and takes a drink. She strolls among the guests, followed by her sister. Suddenly, she comes face-to-face with Tom Razzano. They both attempt to mask their real feelings for each other by acting cool.

LUCY

What are you doing here?

RAZZANO

Department heads have to come to this thing.

Zelda peers from Lucy to Razzano, squinting hard as if to * gauge the intensity of their auras.

Razzano tugs at the strangulating collar of his formal shirt.

I'm still a department head --
until they find someone to replace me.

CAMERA PANS to Kim. She's receiving condolences.

PHINEAS

How ghastly to have them show up!

REGINA

How painfully unchic!

KIM

Really, what can you expect? The *
press is here...so of course...I
honestly feel sorry for Lucy. The
spotlight is like a narcotic. She --

Suddenly, the lights flicker wildly. The crowd starts to murmur. And then all the lights in the new wing black out. The room is illuminated only by the two carriage lamps on either side of the old hospital entrance.

(voice tight with tension)

Is there someone from Maintenance --

But Kim is cut off by an astonishing sight. There is Zelda, *
standing at the top of the stairs, her arms raised heavenward.

ZELDA

Disbelievers! I will show my powers!

Zelda begins a strange, foreign-sounding chant, the same chant we heard in the graveyard scene. A hush falls over the entire room. The only movement comes from the photographers as reflexively, despite their nervousness, they swing their cameras to her as she slowly begins to descend the stairs.

KIM

Ignore her! This is just a rotten
trick to ruin the party. Please, don't
let the saucissons get cold.

But nothing can stop Zelda's eerie chant. A few of the guests try to laugh it off, but they're too nervous to be successful. Zelda's voice grows stronger, more emotional. She sways as she walks down; she is in an ecstatic state, beyond even a trance. Even Lucy appears frightened as she calls out:

LUCY
Zelda! (BEAT) Zelda, please stop this! *

But Zelda seems beyond recall. She reaches the crescendo of passion on the bottom step, and suddenly falls on the floor in a faint. All is stunned silence.

But then, the old entrance door on top of the stairs creaks open. And down an illuminated corridor walks an eerie BACKLIT figure in a Stetson hat -- and boots that make a horrible, other-worldly echo as the figure walks toward the door. This appears to be the very man in the photograph: Hastings Lacey. He reaches the doorway and stands tall and bowlegged.

HASTINGS LACEY
(in sepulchral, Texas voice)
What happened? Where am I? (BEAT)
The last thing I remember
(with terrifying passion)
Kim, darlin', it's your Hastings!

Slowly Hastings Lacey walks out the door and toward the staircase.

Danny pushes through the crowd and runs up to Kim to give her his arm to hold on to.

DANNY
(ominously)
Kim, when he died -- was it (BEAT)
before his time?

Kim gives Danny a long, searching look. *

The journalists, despite their terror, record the events.

HASTINGS LACEY
Kim, mah June-bug, where are you? *

CAMERA TRACKS Kim as she takes a big step over the inert Zelda and moves toward Hastings. The crowd watches with fear as she climbs the staircase and approaches this billionaire from Beyond.

Kim, my little cactus flower --

But Kim cuts him off. *

KIM
This is the tackiest act I
have ever seen. *

And with that, she whips off Hastings' moustache, and then *
his Stetson. And there, looking forlorn, is Junior. Kim
pokes her finger into what is obviously the wads of padding
under his top-stitched jacket. Then she calls to her guests.

Back to the hors d'oeuvres! *

She descends the stairs to a round of applause. She's *
followed a moment later by a sheepish Junior, who is greeted
with a loving hug from the now-upright Zelda.

The guests loosen up, laughing over the incident. The *
waiters again begin their promenade with their trays. But as
Kim sweeps along back toward Jason and the Holts, she comes
face-to-face with Lucy.

Amateur Hour! I can't believe you *
thought I'd fall for it.

LUCY
I was hoping I could avoid (BEAT) *
the risk.

KIM
What risk? *

LUCY
Of really bringing Hastings back. *

Kim's eyes begin to roll in weariness when Lucy interrupts. *

(with quiet conviction)
Of course I can't literally bring *
him back. But Kim, if I'm willing
to put my life on the line, if I'm
willing to risk...going back, I can
bend the laws of nature. I can
summon the spirit of Hastings --
or anybody else.

KIM
(somewhat nervously)
I have a roomful of very important *
guests and I'm not going to be --

LUCY
(louder)
You know I've been Beyond. I haven't
anything to lose anymore. I'm going to
risk it, Kim. I'm going to prove to
everybody that I'm for real.

Lucy begins to hum a single note and slowly her eyes close. *
For a second, Kim almost breaks away, but Lucy's threat is too
unsettling for her to dismiss. The hum grows louder.

(CONTINUED)

Conversations stop. Everyone presses forward to watch the drama between the two women. Suddenly, the hum stops. Lucy opens her eyes. Kim relaxes, but not for long, because when Lucy speaks, it is not only a different voice, it appears to be a different person -- a man, with a decided Texas drawl, but somehow more convincing this time, not exaggerated.

LUCY/HASTINGS

Kimmie-pie!
(sniffing the air)
You're wearin' a new perfume.

*

For an instant, Kim looks startled, but then steels herself. *

I feel the waves of your doubt
inundatin' me, Kimmie. Let me
prove mahself. Ask me anything,
Kimmie. The most private, personal
detail only I would know. You must
trust in me, or my brief sojourn
here will be in vain.

*

Not only won't Kim play this game, she's afraid to. *

Remember, Honey, that big ole white
house on the ocean I was gonna buy
for our first summer together? Just
you and I knew about it, Kimmie. I
said, Don't breathe a word about
this till I close the damn deal.

*

KIM

(in a challenging manner)
I might have let something slip out.

*

LUCY/HASTINGS

Did you let mah private name for you
slip out, too, Kimmie? (BEAT) Rose Petal.

*

Kim is astonished.

*

And did you let slip out that on our
last night together you were wearin'

*

KIM

Quiet!

*

LUCY/HASTINGS

nothin'... 'Cept your cowgirl boots
-- the red ones with the spurs.

KIM

(stunned)
Hastings! Oh! Oh! It is you!
(hysterical, panicked)
I swear I didn't know you'd get that
carried away. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Suddenly, Kim's attitude changes from apologetic to angry. *

I gave you such pleasure, and you
didn't leave me anything.

*

LUCY/HASTINGS

My tumblin' tumbleweed, I came back
to make it all up to you. I never
got you diamonds, Kimmie, but I had
a big safe filled with emeralds and
rubies and sapphires --

*

Kim's eyes start to gleam.

*

-- and a signed deed to that purty
house on the ocean. It's all yours.
(in louder voice)

*

Junior? Junior, you listen good.
Everything in the safe in the library
is for my Kimmie. You understand me, boy?

JUNIOR

Yes, Dad, I --

*

LUCY/HASTINGS

Kimmie, my time is growing short.
The combination is...

*

Lucy's hands rush to her throat. She appears to be choking
on the words.

*

(gasping)

You've been untrue to me, Kimmie!

*

KIM

(guiltily)

Me?

LUCY/HASTINGS

I'm not talking 'bout when I was alive.
I feel the raging heat of a fire of lies,
Kimmie. You are Untrue now!

*

KIM

I got married again, Hasty, but I've
always been emotionally true --

*

LUCY/HASTINGS

Kimmie! Your lie is...making me fade.
(booming)

*

What is this lie?

Kim takes a deep breath before answering.

*

KIM

Lucy did die and come back.

The crowd almost reels at this admission.

(CONTINUED)

KIM (cont.)

I lied, Hastings. Lucy... it was all so irritating -- and she could have walked off with Jason. So I made up my theory. It was so logical. How could she defend herself? Forgive me for lying. (BEAT) What's the combination? *

Suddenly, Lucy/Hastings is gone and Lucy stands before Kim *
with a big smile.

LUCY

I don't know. I made the *
whole thing up.

Meanwhile, Zelda and Junior join Lucy. Kim is nearly reeling.
She cannot believe what has happened.

KIM

How did you know about the house? *

LUCY

You told me. *

KIM

How did you know his...pet name for me? *

LUCY

The picture in your office. It says -- *

KIM

(wearily, recollecting)

"To my Rose Petal, with love forever." *

(BEAT) And what about those damned boots?

JUNIOR

(softly, to Kim)

When I suggested to my father that you might
not really love him, that perhaps you were
just out for his money, he said he knew.

(mimicking Hastings Sr.'s drawl)

"But I cain't resist a girl who has the
impudence to visit me every single night
wearing red cowgirl boots and spurs and
nothin' else.

Lucy chimes in. *

LUCY and JUNIOR

She's a sly little money-grubber, Junior,
but she sure is fun!"

Now the reporters and all the guests are smiling upon Lucy.
Phineas quickly walks over to Razzano and gives him a thumbs-
up sign smile. Kim takes a deep breath -- and then holds *
out her hand to Lucy. Lucy shakes it.

KIM

Brava, Lucy. Good show. You
actually had him so down pat that I -- *

Kim is cut off as Zelda gives an ear-splitting whistle. *

ZELDA

(to press)

Hey, I have an announcement! You know how you've been following me and Lucy around, not letting us alone? All of you want to do what we've done. You want our secret.

(earnestly)

I've told you everything: about the chant, about the purity of love, and how the person has to die before their time. But you never asked much about the perfect isosceles triangle that has to be formed by the earth, the moon and the Dog Star. It's crucial, and it doesn't happen that often.

REPORTER

When is the next time?

ZELDA

In eighty-nine years. When we'll all be

She looks upward and smiles contentedly.

Someplace Else.

REPORTER

So Lucy's sort of a one-shot deal in our lifetime?

LUCY

Yes. I'm an ordinary person who had (BEAT) an extraordinary moment. Pretty soon I'll be nostalgia.

The crowd falls back a little, an indication of uninterest-to-come. There is room for Lucy and Zelda to breathe.

The crowd watches as Lucy starts to walk off -- alone. Not for long. Jason comes up beside her.

JASON

In all those years, I never understood how terrific you could be.

*

LUCY

Thanks, Jas.

*

Lucy leaves Jason behind and continues her long walk to the door. And there, leaning against the wall, is Tom Razzano. He smiles, assuming Lucy is coming to him. But Lucy just waves and keeps walking.

This is the big moment for Tom Razzano. He suddenly realizes that Lucy is actually leaving. And then he realizes he loves her. He rushes after her.

RAZZANO

You can't just walk out of my life.
(BEAT) Listen, you got your
second shot. Give me one.

Lucy shakes her head.

I'm not talking about three hours every
other Sunday. I'm ready for the real thing. *

LUCY

No. I wish you were, Tom, but -- *

RAZZANO

Lucy, I've changed. People do. (BEAT) *
Look at you.

He smiles at her. *

Guess what? *

Lucy returns his smile. *

LUCY

I love you, too.

And they kiss.

RAZZANO

Okay, let's go get that dumb dog of yours.

LUCY

For a walk -- or for life? See, I have
to know...Does this really mean you're
ready for me to bring the rubber bone?

RAZZANO

The rubber bone, the Dog Yummies --
the works. *

He kisses her again.

What a dowry.

Zelda, Junior, Danny, and Felicity finally reach them. Lucy
is still in Tom Razzano's arms.

ZELDA

(breathlessly)

True love?

Lucy and Razzano look at each other, smile and then nod.

Not a moment too soon! I was
starting to get a lit-tle edgy.

LUCY

What do you mean?

ZELDA

Well, after the Catagonian incantation
there was (BEAT) a footnote.

LUCY

A footnote? What kind of a footnote?

ZELDA

(speaking quickly to get it over with)
If the person who returns doesn't find
true love by the time of the next full
moon -- that's tomorrow -- they (LONG BEAT)
have to go back.

LUCY

(stunned)

Why didn't you tell me?

ZELDA

I was afraid it might make you feel...
insecure. Or it might have made you go
running around looking for true love,
which is the surest way not to find it.
But the real reason was because I knew
it would come to you. Once in
everybody's life

She takes Junior's hand.

you get a chance at true love. And
you hadn't had your chance yet.

Zelda glances at Razzano.

And neither did he. (BEAT) Don't you get
it, Lucy? The two of you were Meant to Be.

Lucy finally nods her understanding.

LUCY

I'll see you all tomorrow. Right
now (BEAT) we're going home.

Lucy and Razzano walk off hand-in-hand. But Lucy can't resist
one final pirouette of joy -- and she nearly bangs into a
WAITER carrying a cake that's a model of the new wing. Lucy *
apologizes -- rather happily, because for once she has avoided
disaster -- and she and Razzano rejoin hands and keep walking.
They remain IN FRAME as they move away from us.

The waiter, however, shaken by the near-catastrophe, is so
busy avoiding crashing into Jason and balancing his shaky tray
that he does not see ANOTHER WAITER. The two collide and the
cake soars -- and lands smack on the perfectly coiffured head
of Regina Holt.

And Lucy and Razzano, oblivious to everything but each other, walk out the door to begin living happily...ever after.

FADE TO WHITE

ROLL FINAL TITLES ON LEFT. ON RIGHT, Lucy's hand puts photographs into the Razzano family album. First a snapshot: the wedding of Zelda -- in white muumuu and bizarre white turban -- and Junior. The next picture: Lucy and Tom Razzano's wedding, the photo taken just at the moment Tom puts the ring on Lucy's finger.

The PAGE TURNS, and the hand slips in a picture of six very happy people: Tom Razzano, Junior Lacey, and Danny Robbins -- with their beaming (and very pregnant) wives.

ANOTHER PAGE with the hand slipping in the three final pictures: There's Danny, Felicity, and their year-old DAUGHTER who's making a goopy toddler concoction with her toy cookware set. The next is a formal portrait of the deliriously informal Laceys -- Junior, Zelda, and little ten-month-old YOUNG HASTINGS -- who is teething on one of his mother's new amulets (the one with the thirty-carat emerald in the middle). And finally, in a candid shot taken in their bright, warmly-decorated loft, Lucy and Tom Razzano lie on the floor, laughing and playing with a long-haired Flippy and their eight-month-old TWIN DAUGHTERS.

Razzano's hand enters the frame and takes Lucy's. And as FINAL CREDITS END, the book is closed.

END